



52 PAGES OF ADVENTURE COMICS

OCTOBER No. 9

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K

JACK ARMSTRONG

THE ALL-AMERICAN BOY OF RADIO FAME



EXCITING, ALL-NEW ADVENTURE COMICS...FEATURING
MYSTERY OF THE MIDGETS



[illegible]

Famous SPLIT-SECONDS IN Sports!

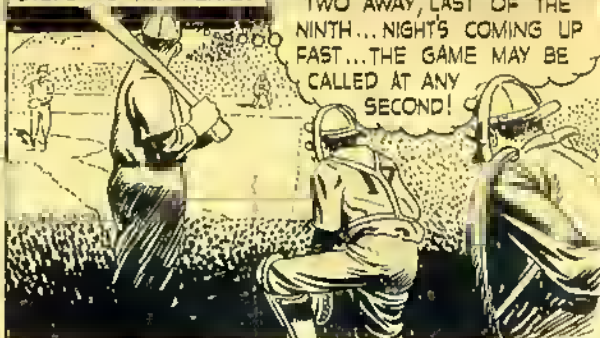
In 1938, Pittsburgh's Pirates and the streaking Chicago Cubs stormed down the home stretch, battling for the National League lead. In the final inning of the big game at Wrigley Field, Chicago, the score stood 5-5. But daylight was fast running out . . . shadows blanketed the diamond. At any moment, the game might be called! With the darkness thickening . . .



... IN THE LAST OF THE NINTH, THE FIRST TWO CUBS GO OUT.



THEN GABBY HARTNETT, CHICAGO CATCHER-MANAGER, STEPS TO THE PLATE.



WITH TWO STRIKES ON HARTNETT ...



A HOME RUN... AND WHAT A HOME RUN!



AND SO, IN THE DUSK OF THAT MEMORABLE DAY, THE CHICAGO CUBS WON THE NATIONAL LEAGUE PENNANT... THANKS TO A DRAMATIC LAST-SECOND CIRCUIT CLOUT BY MANAGER HARTNETT.

JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE

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MYSTERY OF THE MIDGETS

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE



ALTHOUGH THE MIDGET AUTO RACES HAVE BEEN MARRED RECENTLY BY SEVERAL MYSTERIOUS CRASHES, JACK ARMSTRONG HAS ENTERED HIS NEW RED RACER IN ORDER TO TEST IT UNDER GRUELLING CONDITIONS OF THE MIGHTY MIDGETS' SPEEDWAY!

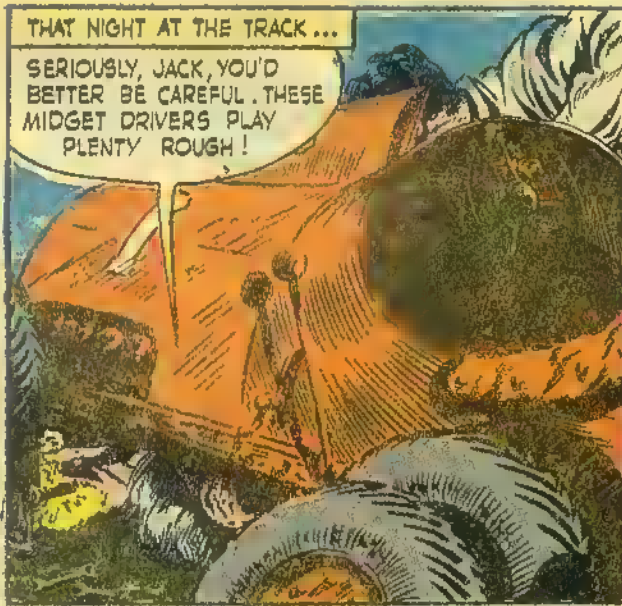
I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF ALL THESE CRASHES, JACK.

I CAN TAKE CARE OF MYSELF, VIC.

I HOPE SO— HAVE A LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE!

BUREAU OF SCIENTIFIC INVESTIGATION





THAT NIGHT AT THE TRACK...

SERIOUSLY, JACK, YOU'D BETTER BE CAREFUL. THESE MIDGET DRIVERS PLAY PLENTY ROUGH!

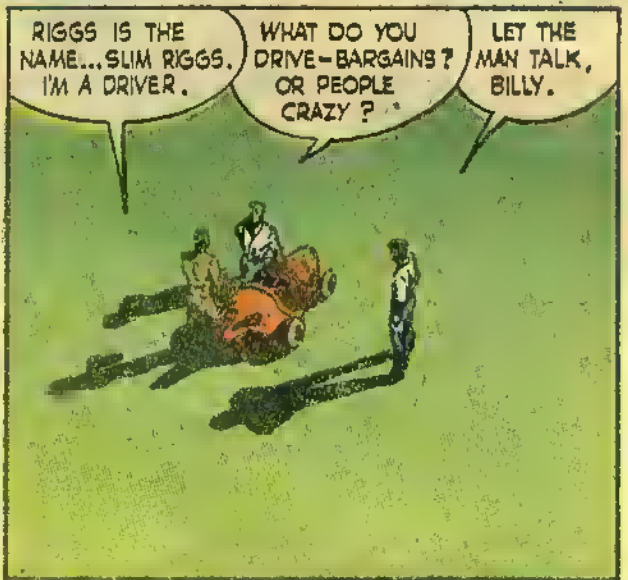


I'LL TAKE MY CHANCES, BILLY. I CAN PLAY ROUGH, TOO!



PRETTY WORDS, ARMSTRONG. I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE TO EAT THEM BEFORE THE RACE IS OVER!

I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE HAD THE DISPLEASURE--



RIGGS IS THE NAME... SLIM RIGGS. I'M A DRIVER.

WHAT DO YOU DRIVE-- BARGAINS? OR PEOPLE CRAZY?

LET THE MAN TALK, BILLY.



TAKE MY ADVICE, ARMSTRONG-- GET OUT OF THIS RACE WHILE YOU'RE STILL IN ONE PIECE!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND--



DON'T TRY TO... JUST GET OUT! TAKE MY WORD FOR IT, ARMSTRONG-- YOU'RE A MARKED MAN!

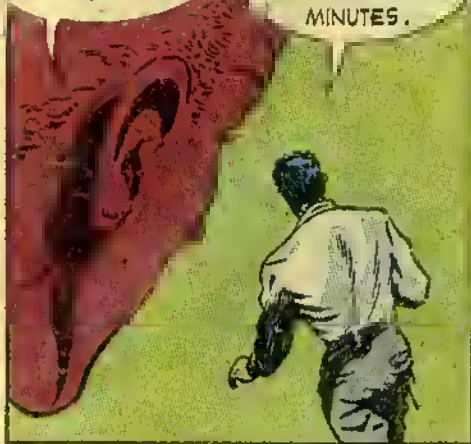
PLEASANT FELLOW.
THE KIND OF GUY
WHO'D PUT GLUE
IN YOUR GAS!

FORGET IT - WE'VE
GOT WORK TO DO.
OUR EVENT GOES
ON IN FIFTEEN
MINUTES.

AS THE MIDGETS LINE UP...

GOOD LUCK TO
YOU, PAL - AND
TAKE IT EASY ON
THE TURNS!

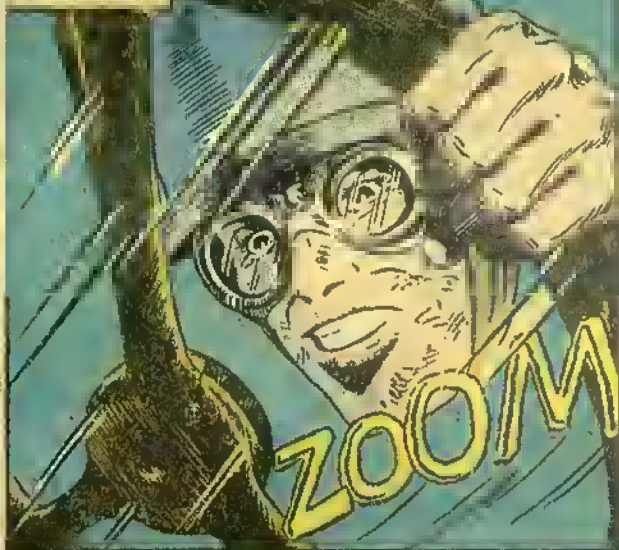
THANKS
BILLY!



JACK JUMPS INTO AN EARLY LEAD AND HOLDS IT
UNTIL THE FINAL LAP ...



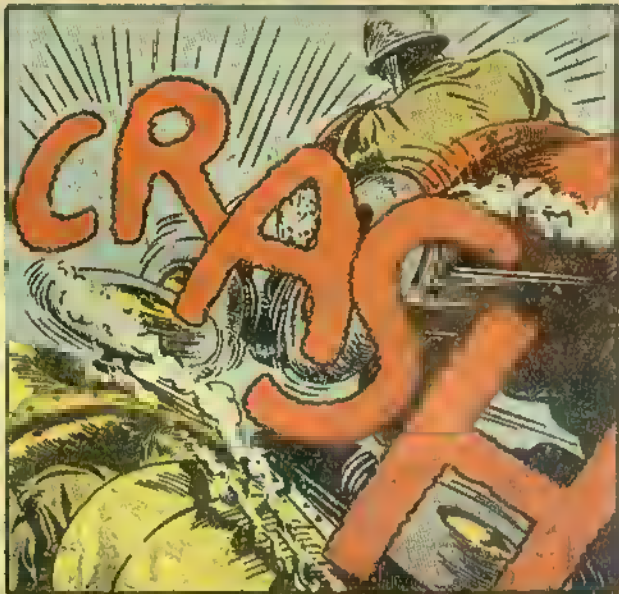
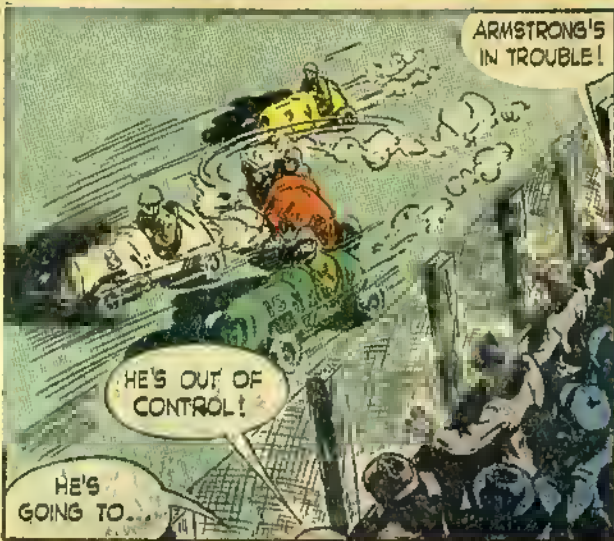
SUDDENLY...



ARMSTRONG'S
IN TROUBLE!

HE'S OUT OF
CONTROL!

HE'S
GOING TO...



MIRACULOUSLY, JACK ESCAPES SERIOUS INJURY AND IS TAKEN TO POLICE HEADQUARTERS FOR QUESTIONING.

THERE HAVE BEEN TOO MANY "ACCIDENTS" AT THAT TRACK. I'LL HAVE TO TALK TO YOU IN TECHNICAL ARREST, ARMSTRONG, UNTIL WE COMPLETE OUR INVESTIGATION.

BUT, CHIEF—

COME ALONG, SON, YOU CAN HAVE YOUR SAY AT THE HEARING, TOMORROW.

AT THE HEARING...

IS THE PROMOTER OF THESE RACES PRESENT?

THAT'S ME, CHIEF. THE NAME IS TRUCKS. "MACK" TRUCKS, THEY CALL ME. HEH! HEH!

HE'S THE MAN YOU WANT, CHIEF! HE DELIBERATELY KEEPS THE TRACK IN BAD CONDITION!

PLEASE RESTRAIN YOURSELF, MR. BURNS.

IT'S TRUE! THE CROWDS LIKE TO SEE CRASHES—AND TRUCKS MAKES SURE THEY GET PLENTY!

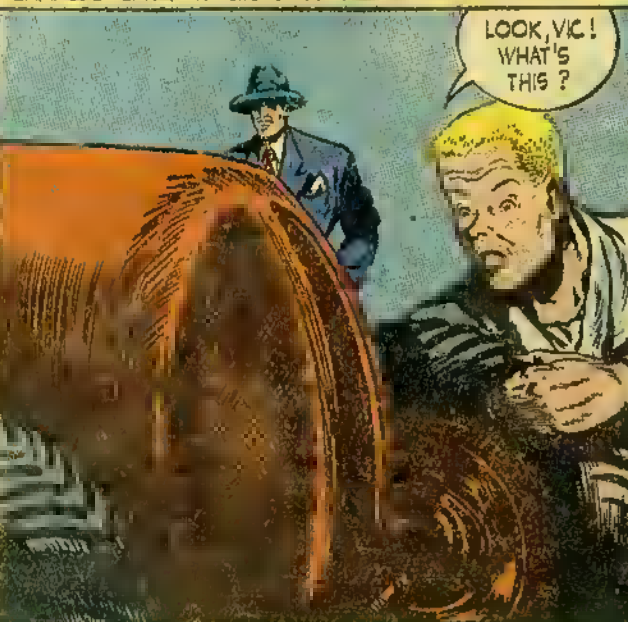
THAT'S A LIE, BURNS!

BURNS, I REALIZE YOU DRIVERS ARE JITTERY BECAUSE OF THE ACCIDENTS, BUT I MUST WARN YOU AGAINST LOSING YOUR HEAD—

THAT'S A LAUGH!

WE'D ALL LOSE OUR HEADS IF TRUCKS HAD HIS WAY... EVERY CRASH MEANS MORE CASH IN HIS POCKETS!

MEANWHILE, VIC HARDY AND BILLY CAREFULLY INSPECT JACK'S DAMAGED CAR FOR CLUES TO THE CRASH -



LOOK, VIC!
WHAT'S
THIS?

HMMM. A HOLE OF
SOME SORT...ABOUT
THE WIDTH OF A
50-CALIBER
SLUG:



DOESN'T MEAN MUCH...
COULD HAVE BEEN MADE
BY THE CRASH.

MAYBE YES,
MAYBE NO.



SAY, VIC, I'VE GOT AN
IDEA! LET'S LOOK UP THE
RECORDS OF ALL THE
DRIVERS. MAYBE THESE
CRASHES ARE HELPING
SOMEBODY WIN A
LOT OF RACES!

UMMM...A
GOOD IDEA,
BILLY.



HA! JUST WHAT
I FIGURED!

RACING RESULTS

DRIVER	PLACED FIRST	PLACED SECOND	PLACED THIRD	PRIZE MONEY
RIGGS	10	1	1	1125.00
LARSEN	6	9	8	625.00
BURNS	5	3	5	1150.00
HALL	4	"	"	675.00
HEY	"	"	"	"
LLON	"	"	"	"
DEY	"	"	"	"

WHAT'S
THAT,
BILLY?

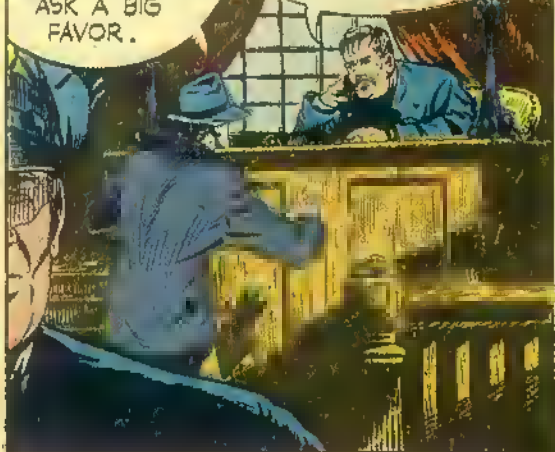
THE DRIVER WITH THE MOST
WINS IS SLIM RIGGS - THE
FELLOW WHO TRIED TO
SCARE JACK OUT OF
THE RACES!



VIC IMMEDIATELY HAS A TALK WITH THE CHIEF OF POLICE...

...SO THAT'S THE STORY, CHIEF, AND NOW I WANT TO ASK A BIG FAVOR.

NAME IT, VIC. YOU KNOW YOU HAVE THE FULL CONFIDENCE OF THE POLICE DEPARTMENT.



BUT VIC MAKES A REQUEST THAT SURPRISES THE CHIEF...

WELL...IT'S MOST-ER-IRREGULAR, VIC BUT IF IT WILL HELP SOLVE THESE 'CRACK-UPS' -

THANKS, CHIEF! AND BE SURE TO HAVE YOUR MEN AT THE TRACK TONIGHT!



THAT NIGHT AT THE MIDGET AUTO TRACK...

IN CAR NUMBER ONE-
THE MASKED RIDER!

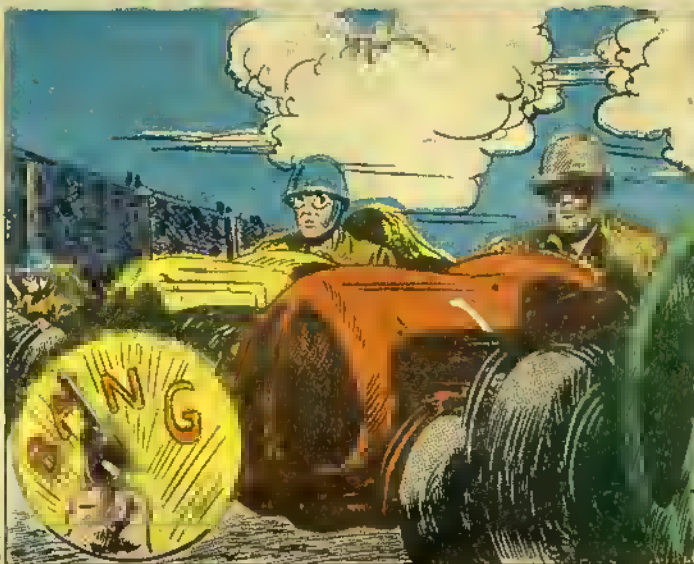
SAY,
ISN'T THAT
ARMSTRONG'S
CAR?

YEAH, IT'S
BEEN PATCHED
UP!

WHO IS THIS
MASKED
RIDER?



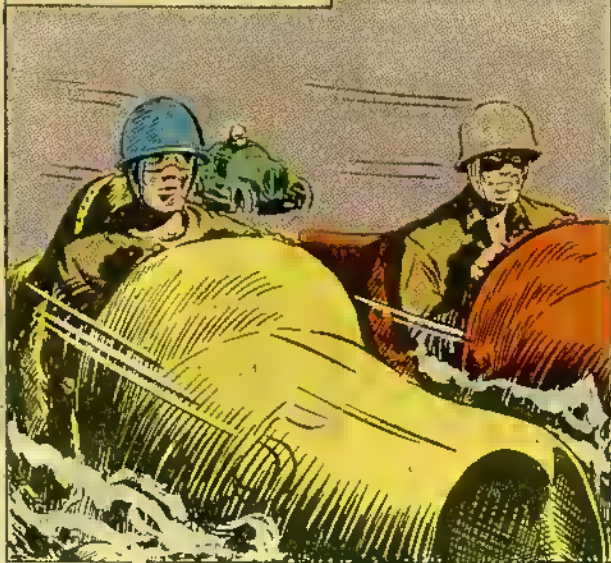
AS THE MIDGETS ROAR INTO ACTION, VIC FOCUSES HIS 16-MM. MOVIE CAMERA ON THE TRACK-



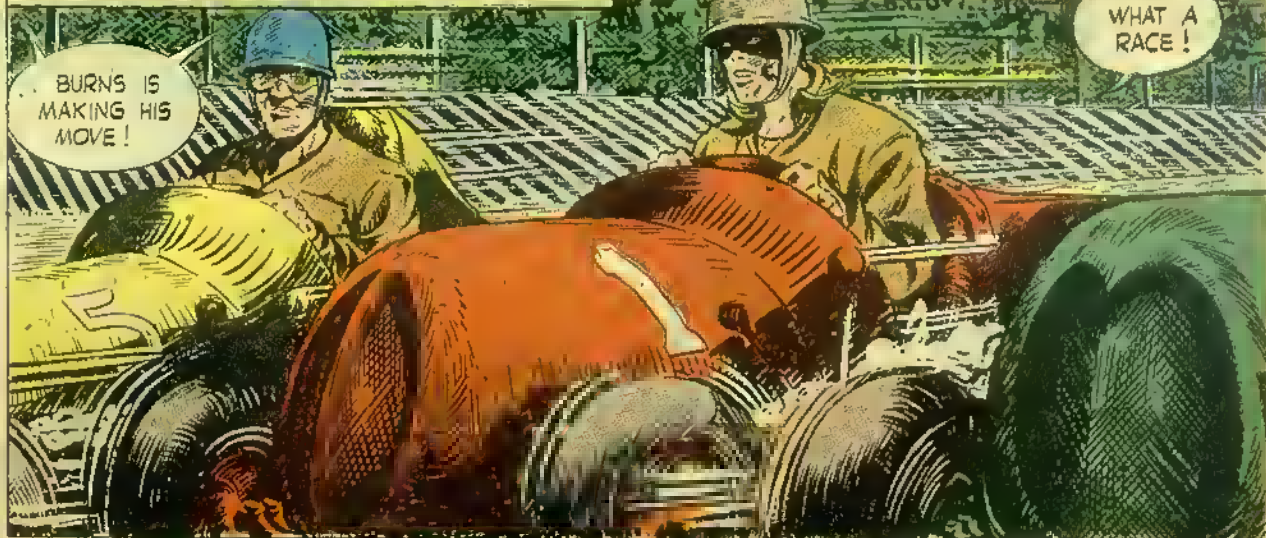
IT'S THE MASKED RIDER- HE'S TAKING THE LEAD!



THE RED RACER IS CHALLENGED BY SLIM RIGGS
DRIVING NUMBER FIVE -



-BUT HURLING OUT OF NOWHERE COMES LEW
BURNS AT THE WHEEL OF NUMBER SEVEN!

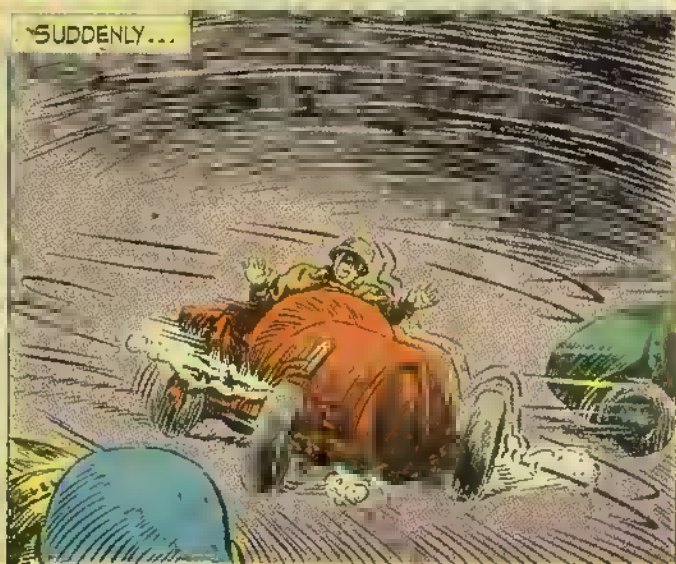


BURNS IS
MAKING HIS
MOVE!

WHAT A
RACE!



HE'S
POCKETED!



SUDDENLY...

AN UNSEEN FORCE JERKS THE WHEEL FROM THE HANDS OF THE MASKED RIDER AND THE RED RACER CAREENS CRAZILY!



BUT AN ALMOST SUPERHUMAN EFFORT BRINGS THE CAR UNDER CONTROL, AS THE MASK FALLS FROM THE FACE OF - JACK ARMSTRONG!



HE DID IT!
BY GOLLY, VIC,
HE DID IT!

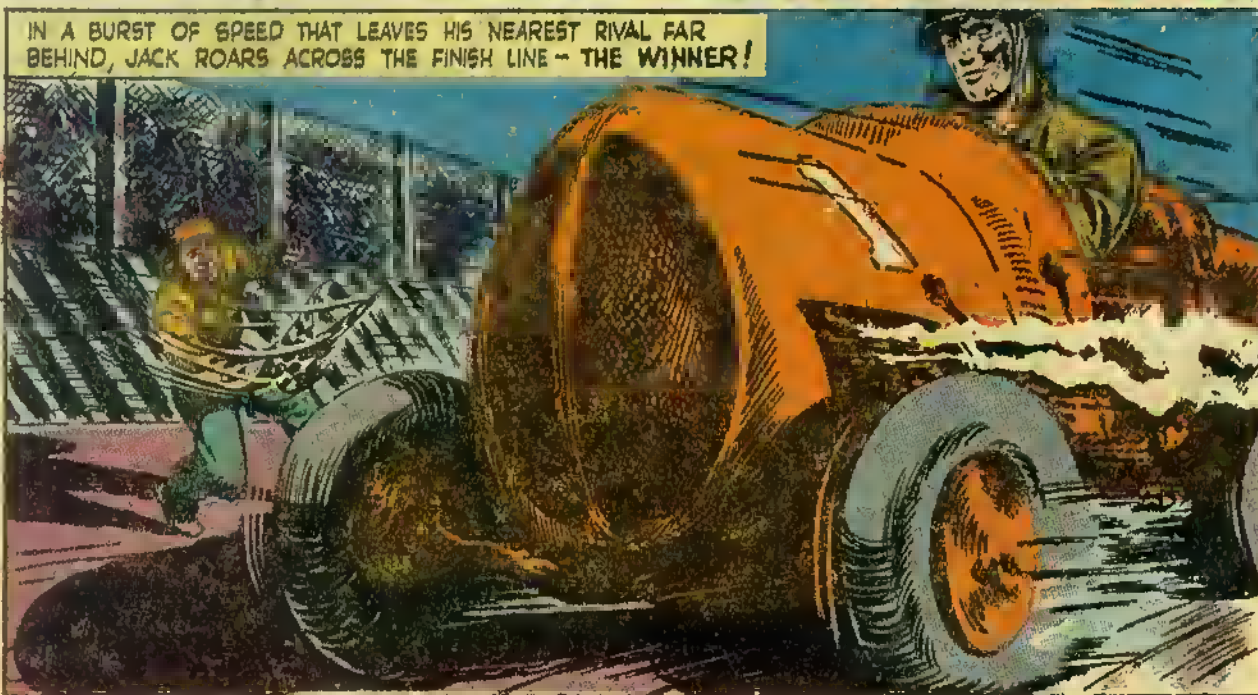


AND, LOOK,
CHIEF - HE'S TAKING
THE LEAD!

GIVE 'ER
THE GUN,
JACK!



IN A BURST OF SPEED THAT LEAVES HIS NEAREST RIVAL FAR BEHIND, JACK ROARS ACROSS THE FINISH LINE - THE WINNER!



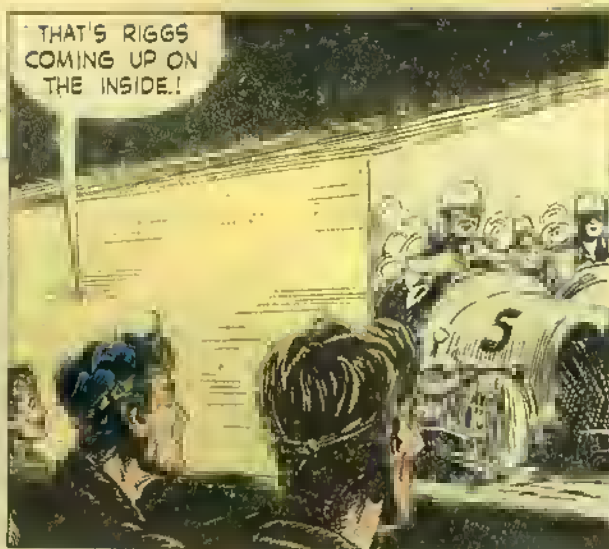


AT THE "COMMAND PERFORMANCE" -

WHEN WE GET
TO THE PART
WHERE JACK LOSES
CONTROL OF HIS CAR-
WATCH CAREFULLY!
LIGHTS, PLEASE.



THAT'S RIGGS
COMING UP ON
THE INSIDE!



AND HERE COMES
BURNS ON THE
OUTSIDE!

ARMSTRONG'S
POCKETED!



NOW!



THAT'S ALL! YOU'VE
JUST SEEN PHOTOGRAPHIC
EVIDENCE THAT -



-AN UNSEEN FORCE SPUN THE
WHEEL OUT OF JACK'S HANDS -
A SERIOUS CRASH WAS AVERTED
ONLY BECAUSE JACK WAS
READY FOR IT!





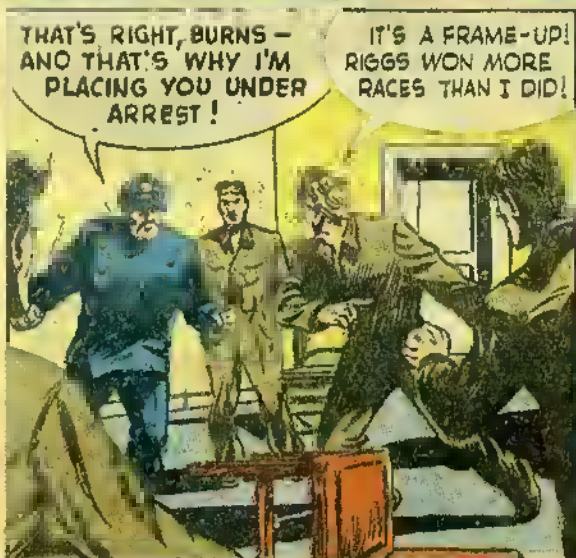
I DON'T GET IT!
WHAT DOES ALL THIS
PROVE, HARDY?

I'LL SHOW YOU IN A
MINUTE, TRUCKS. BILLY
BRING IN THE BUMPER WE
REMOVED FROM CAR
SEVEN!



CONCEALED IN THIS FRONT
BUMPER IS A DEVICE FOR FIRING
A 50-CALIBER BULLET INTO
THE WHEEL OF A
RIVAL CAR!

HEY, THAT'S
OFF MY
CAR!



THAT'S RIGHT, BURNS -
AND THAT'S WHY I'M
PLACING YOU UNDER
ARREST!

IT'S A FRAME-UP!
RIGGS WON MORE
RACES THAN I DID!



YES - BECAUSE YOU WERE FOXY
ENOUGH TO LET HIM! BUT THE
RECORDS SHOW THAT YOU
FINISHED ONE-TWO-THREE
ENOUGH TIMES TO BE THE
LEADING MONEY WINNER
OF THE MEET!

VIC CONTINUES:
"I FIRST SUSPECTED
SOMEONE WAS
CONTROLLING THE
RACES BY CAUSING
THESE CRASHES
WHEN I FOUND A
HOLE THE BIZE OF
A SLUG IN JACK'S
FRONT WHEEL-DISK.
THEN I REMEMBERED
BURNS HAD TRIED
TO BLAME THE
CRASHES ON TRUCKS.
THESE MOVIES PROVE
THAT JACK'S CAR
SWERVED WHILE
BURNS WAS DRIVING
BUMPER-TO-BUMPER
WITH HIM!"



CONFRONTED WITH THIS OVERWHELMING
EVIDENCE, BURNS CONFESSES AND LATER -

SHAKE, SLIM!
I SURE HAD YOU
WRONG!

I KNEW SOMETHING
FISHY WAS GOING ON -
THAT'S WHY I TRIED TO
WARN JACK BEFORE
THE RACE.



THE SECOND TIME BURNS
FIRED THAT BULLET MY
WHEEL, I WAS READY FOR
HIM - THANKS TO VIC'S
TIP-OFF

AND I KNOW SOMEBODY
ELSE WHO'S READY FOR HIM,
RIGHT NOW ...THE WARDEN
OF A NICE BIG CRASH-
PROOF PENITENTIARY!

Vic Hardy's

CRIME LAB



"THE BEST PLACE FOR A CROOK IS IN JAIL AND THAT'S WHERE HE GENERALLY ENDS UP, WITH AN ASSIST FROM THE POLICE AND SCIENCE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHAT I MEAN BY THIS TYPICAL EXAMPLE, I CALL

THE CASE OF THE PINPOINT MAP

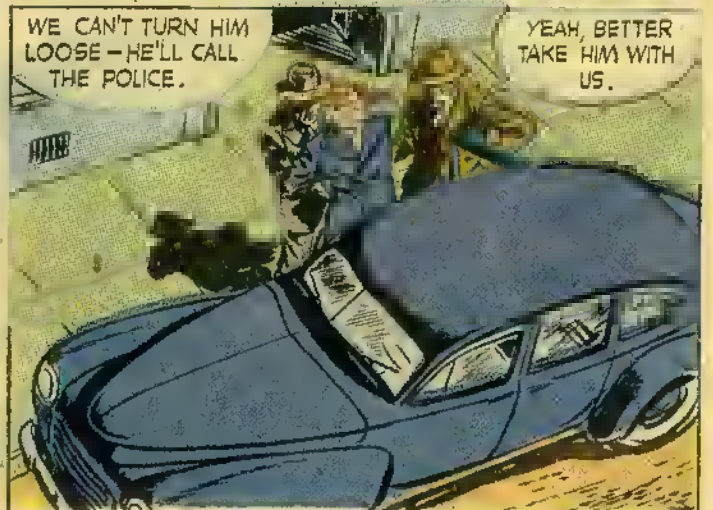
GREAT GUNS—
A HOLDUP!

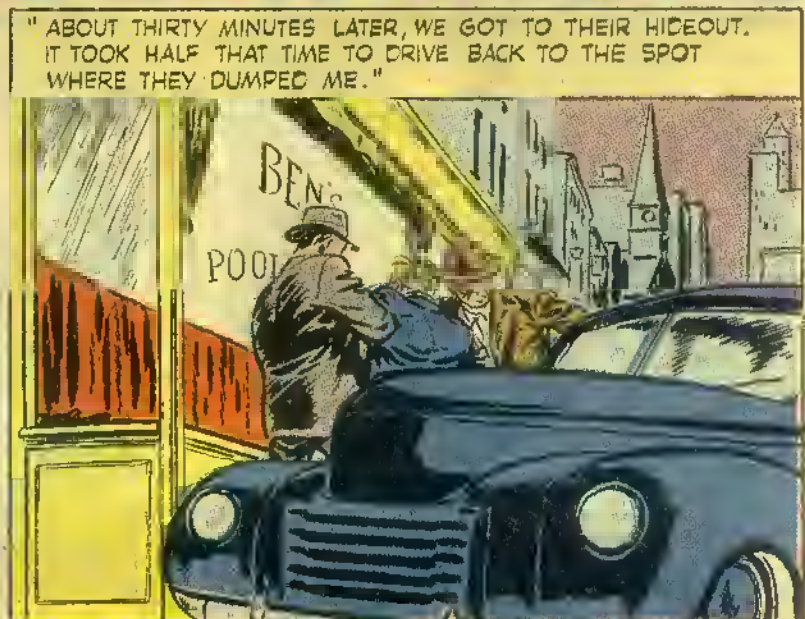
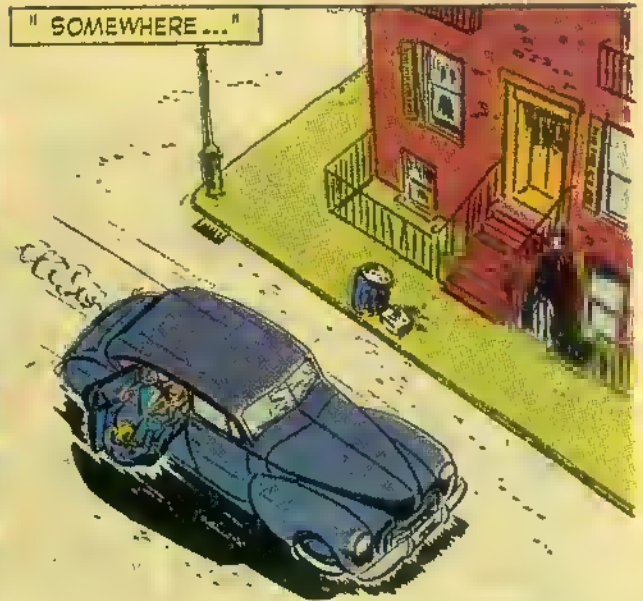
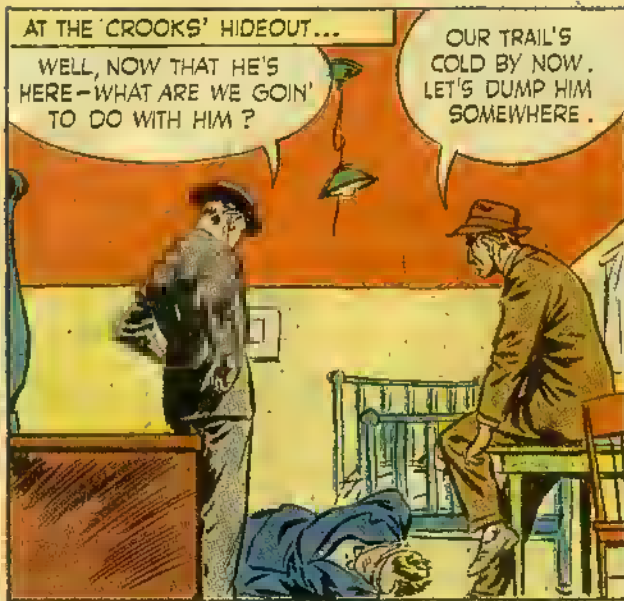
GRAB HIM, MIKE!
DON'T LET HIM
GET AWAY!

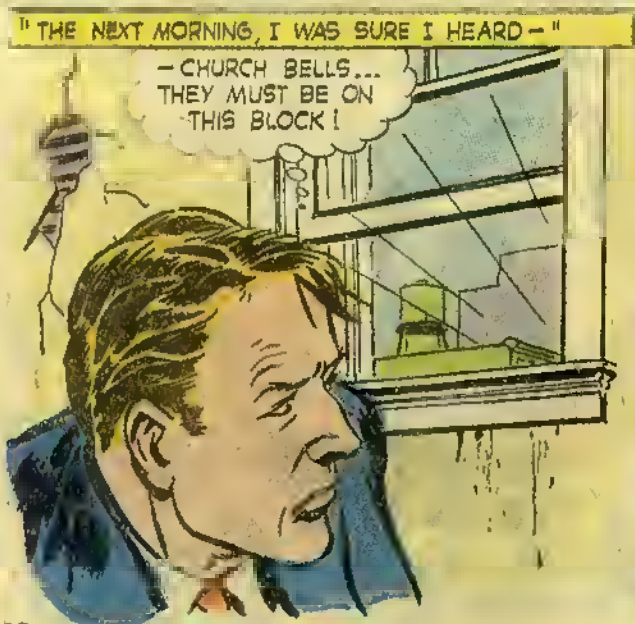
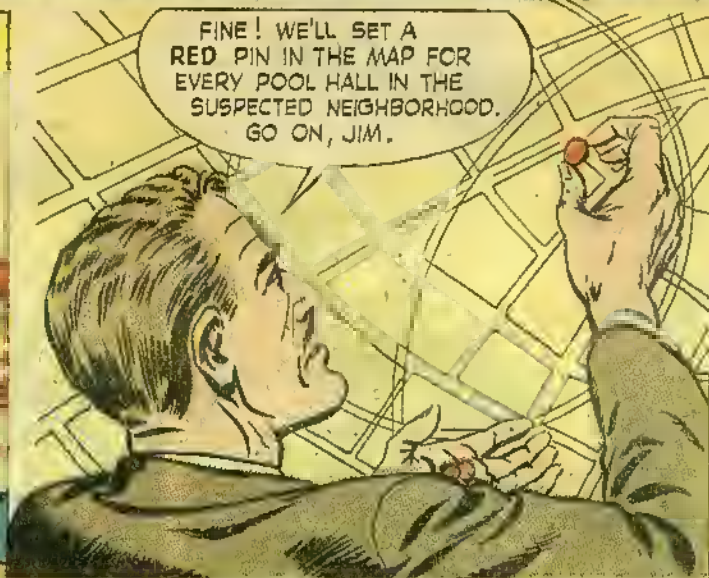
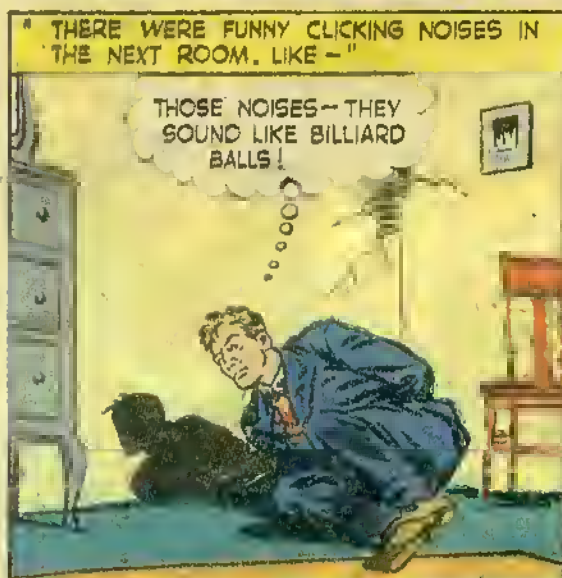


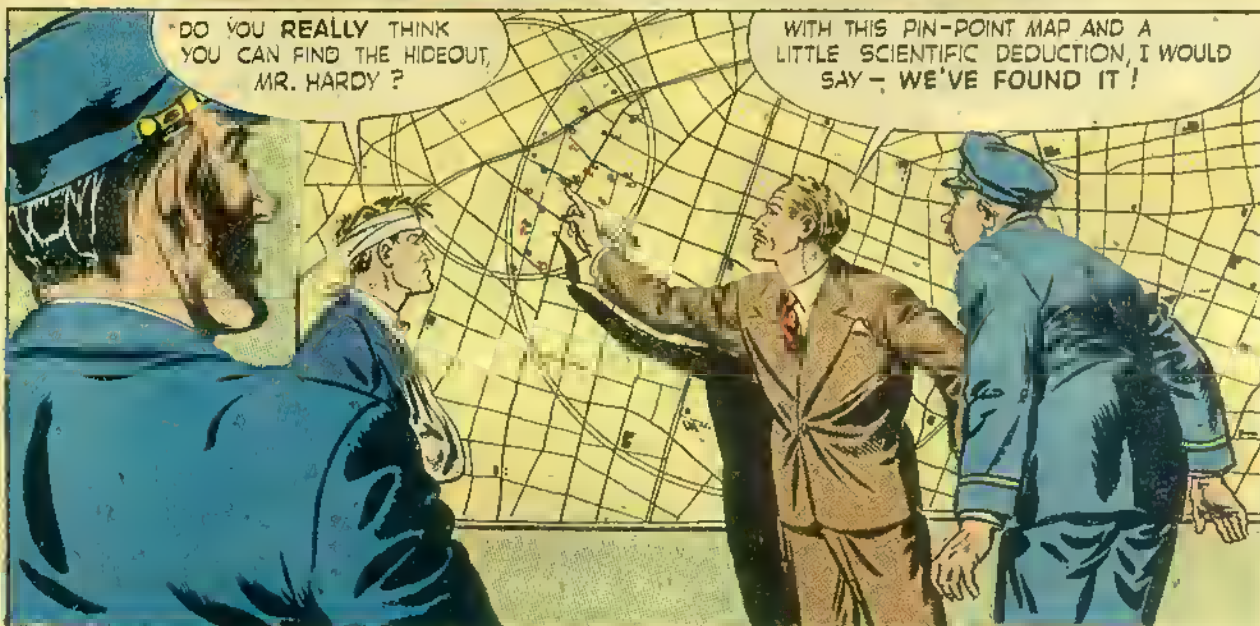
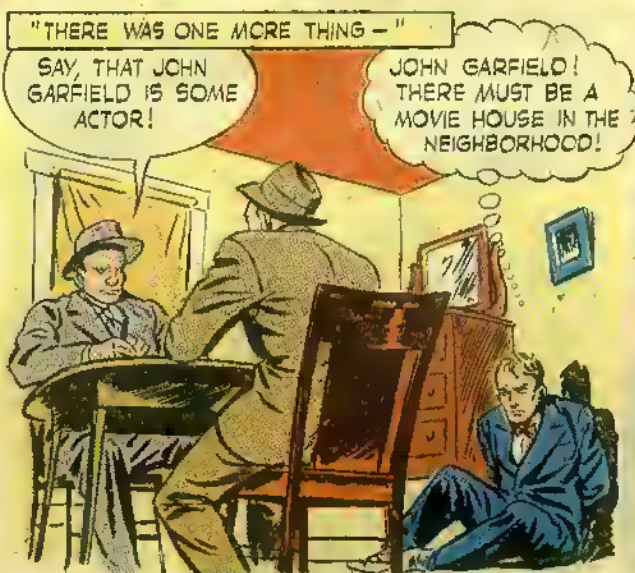
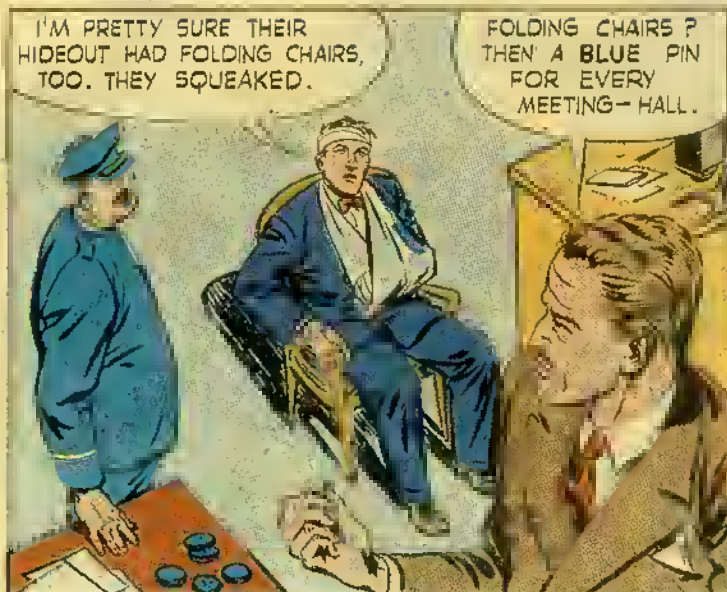
WE CAN'T TURN HIM
LOOSE—HE'LL CALL
THE POLICE.

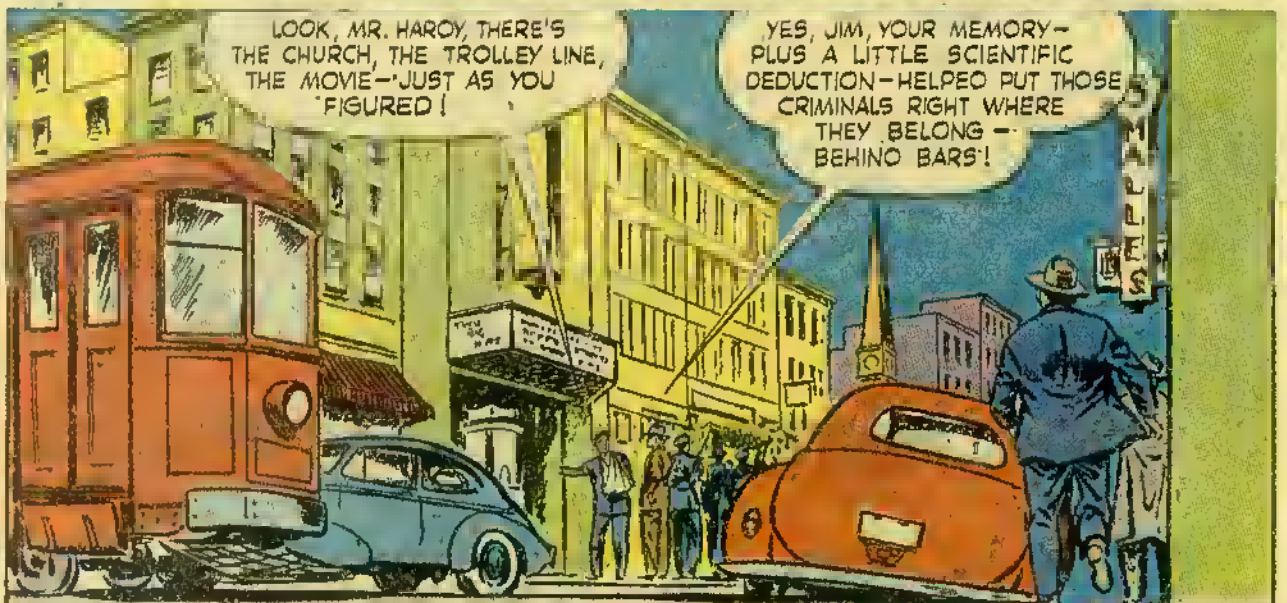
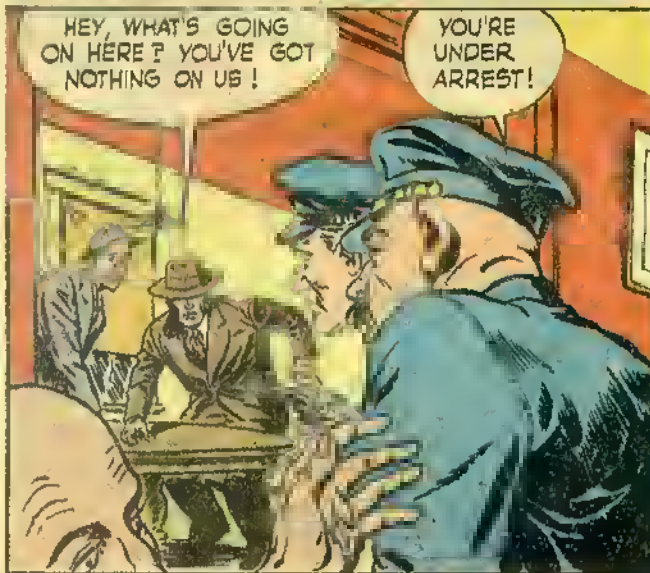
YEAH, BETTER
TAKE HIM WITH
US.













MIZE HAS "PHOTO" EYE AT THE PLATE -- SELDOM SWINGS AT A BAD PITCH. LAST SEASON JOHNNY "CLICKED" FOR 51 HOME RUNS -- AN ALL-TIME NATIONAL LEAGUE RECORD FOR LEFT-HANDED BATTERS. HIS AMAZING HOME-RUN OUTPUT ALSO GAINED MIZE A TIE FOR LEAGUE HOME RUN TITLE.

Johnny Mize **MIZE**

CHAMPION HOME RUN HITTER OF THE NEW YORK GIANTS

MIZE MUST'VE HIT THAT ONE -- HE EATS WHEATIES!

A REAL FENCE-BUSTER! JOHNNY GROVE HOME 138 RUNS LAST SEASON TO LEAD ALL NATIONAL LEAGUE HITTERS IN RUNS BATTED IN. FANCY FIELDER, TOO -- MIZE'S .996 PERCENTAGE WAS TOPS FOR LEAGUE FIRST-BASEMEN.

"**R**EACHING FOR THAT BIG ORANGE AND BLUE WHEATIES PACKAGE AT THE TRAINING TABLE IS ALMOST AUTOMATIC WITH ME," SAYS JOHNNY MIZE, "THOSE WHOLE WHEAT FLAKES ARE SWELL-TASTING WITH MILK AND FRUIT. NOURISHING, TOO."

DO WHEATIES
**BREAKFAST
OF CHAMPIONS**
WITH MILK AND FRUIT



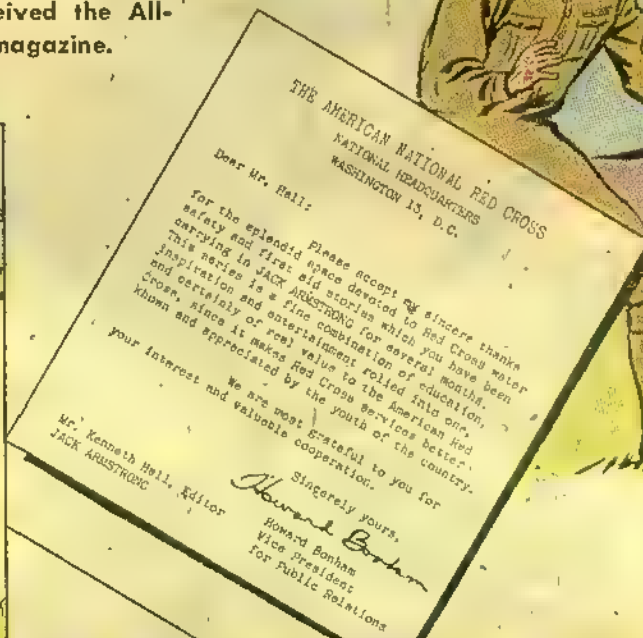
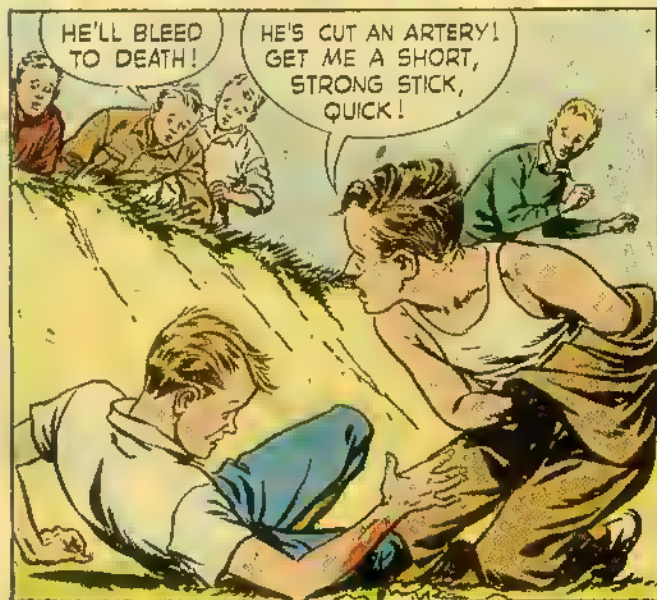
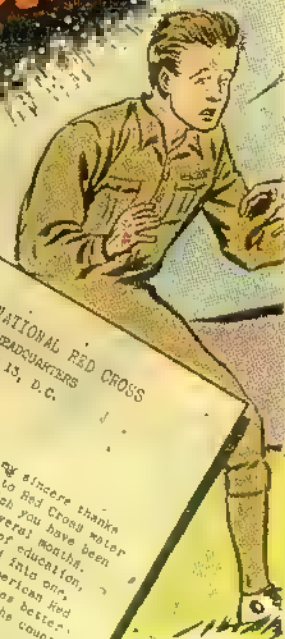
JACK ARMSTRONG MAGAZINE

ALL.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD DONALD HESCH of Arlington Heights, Illinois, becomes the ninth winner of the Jack Armstrong Magazine All-American Award.

Cited by the American Red Cross and the Boy Scouts for his quick action and intelligent use of emergency first aid, Donald saved the life of eleven-year-old Dee Mueller, a neighbor, when that youngster was bleeding profusely from a severed artery. And so, for his quick-thinking and skill in an emergency, Donald Hesch was honored by both the Red Cross and the Boy Scouts—and now joins the roll of heroes who have received the All-American medal awarded by the editors of this magazine.

THIS IS WHAT HAPPENED—

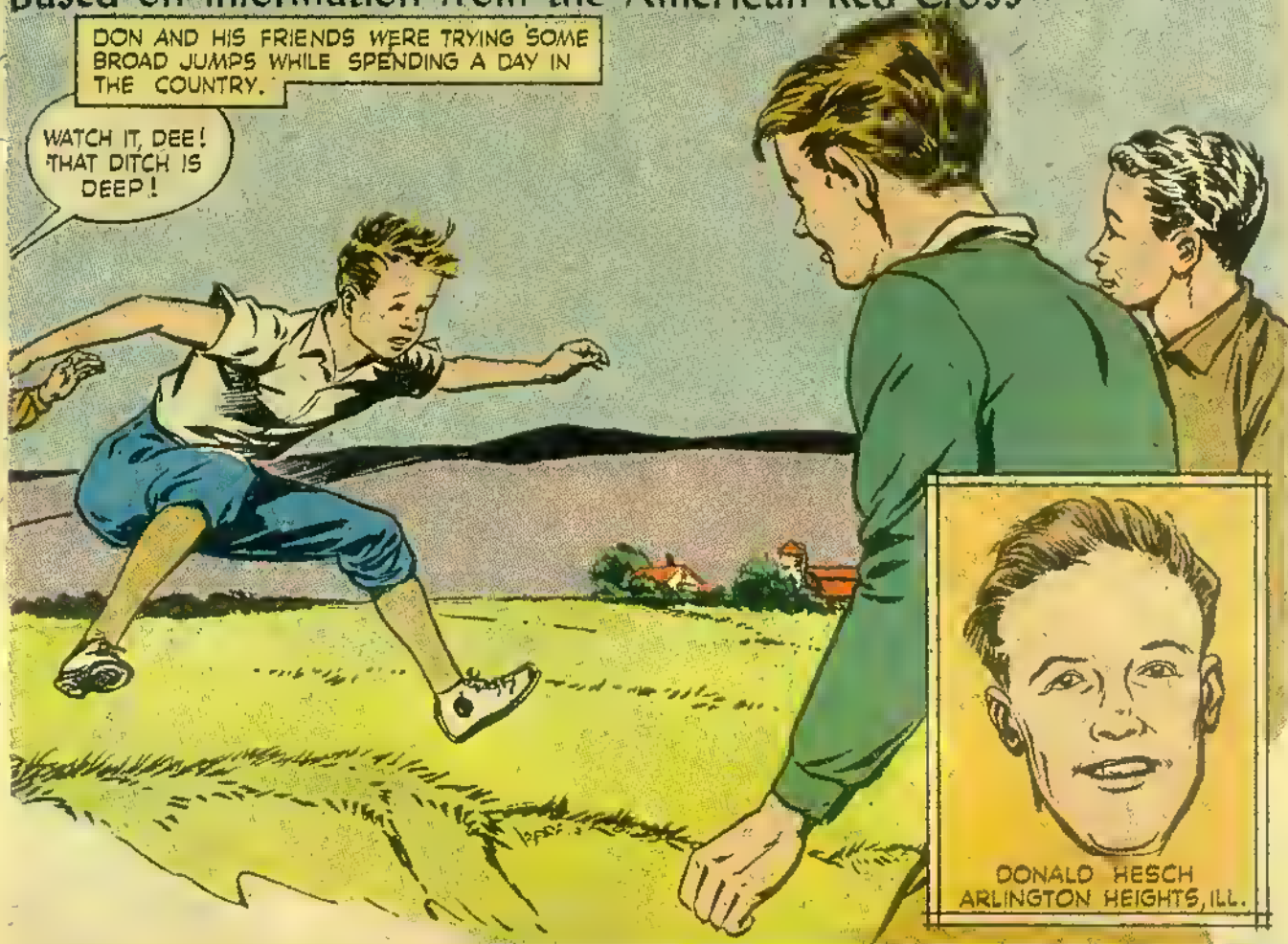


-AMERICAN AWARD

Based on information from the American Red Cross

DON AND HIS FRIENDS WERE TRYING SOME BROAD JUMPS WHILE SPENDING A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

WATCH IT, DEE!
THAT DITCH IS
DEEP!



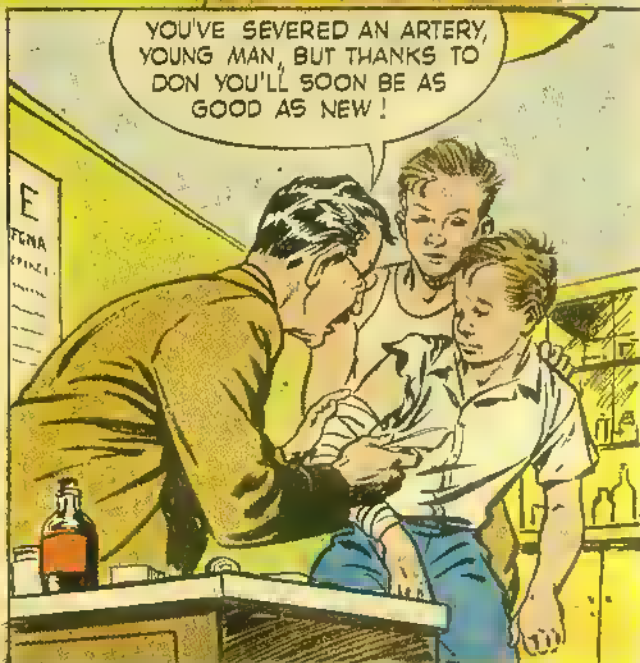
DONALD HESCH
ARLINGTON HEIGHTS, ILL.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER A POLICE CAR ARRIVES •
ON THE SCENE...

WE'LL GET HIM
TO A DOCTOR
RIGHT AWAY!



YOU'VE SEVERED AN ARTERY,
YOUNG MAN, BUT THANKS TO
DON YOU'LL SOON BE AS
GOOD AS NEW!



THE GOLDEN HORSE

By D. H. FOOTE

Author of "Captains of Courage"

It seemed to Neal that the glossy coat of this magnificent horse was more golden than all the wealth in the entire . . . world

THE hot California sun shone on the white corrals of the HB ranch and green leaves of the pepper trees hung limp and still. Neal Clement brushed a grimy hand across his freckled forehead then turned and looked out the barn door as a shiny sports roadster pulled into the driveway. His light blue eyes flickered with momentary displeasure. He dropped the currycomb on the tack room floor and walked to meet the two hundred and fifty pounds of his boss just emerging from behind the wheel of the car.

"Hello, Neal," Hugh Black greeted, mopping his face with a large handkerchief. "How's everything?"

"O.K.," Neal answered, ill at ease as he always was with this man. It was only his desire to learn ranching, plus the fact that the HB had the best string of horses in the state, which made him spend his summers working there.

"I've just bought Tam O'Shanter," Mr. Black announced, sighing as he moved from the shade of the trees toward the barn. "She broke down at the race track and won't run again."

"Tam O'Shanter!" Neal exclaimed. "You mean she'll be coming here?" His breath caught on the question at the thought that he, Neal Clement, would be living on the same ranch with Tam O'Shanter, the famed race horse.

"Yep," Mr. Black mopped his face again. "Going to use her for a brood mare."

Neal leaned against the white barn, his eyes watching the rolling hills, seeing himself in his mind's eye racing across those very hills with Tam O'Shanter when her leg had healed. As he looked slowly back toward Mr. Black, he was suddenly glad his boss didn't know or care about horses the way he did. It meant that Tam O'Shanter would probably be in his complete charge. He had a way with sick horses and Mr. Black knew it.

"There she comes now," Mr. Black pointed toward the car and trailer which pulled in at the gate and drew up beside the barn.

Neal watched eagerly, and when the boss ordered him to unload her, he went quickly to the end gate and lowered it. For a minute he stood looking at the shining coat of the horse. It seemed to him that she was more golden than all the wealth in the world.



As he unfastened the rope he looked at her head. Well-molded and intelligent, he thought. If he could only own her! The thought took form until it whirled in his brain like a spinning lariat as he backed the horse from the trailer. For the first time in his seventeen years he was envious of Mr. Black's money.

"Good conformation," Hugh Black said smugly, interrupting Neal's thoughts, as he slapped her on the rump with the back of his hand.

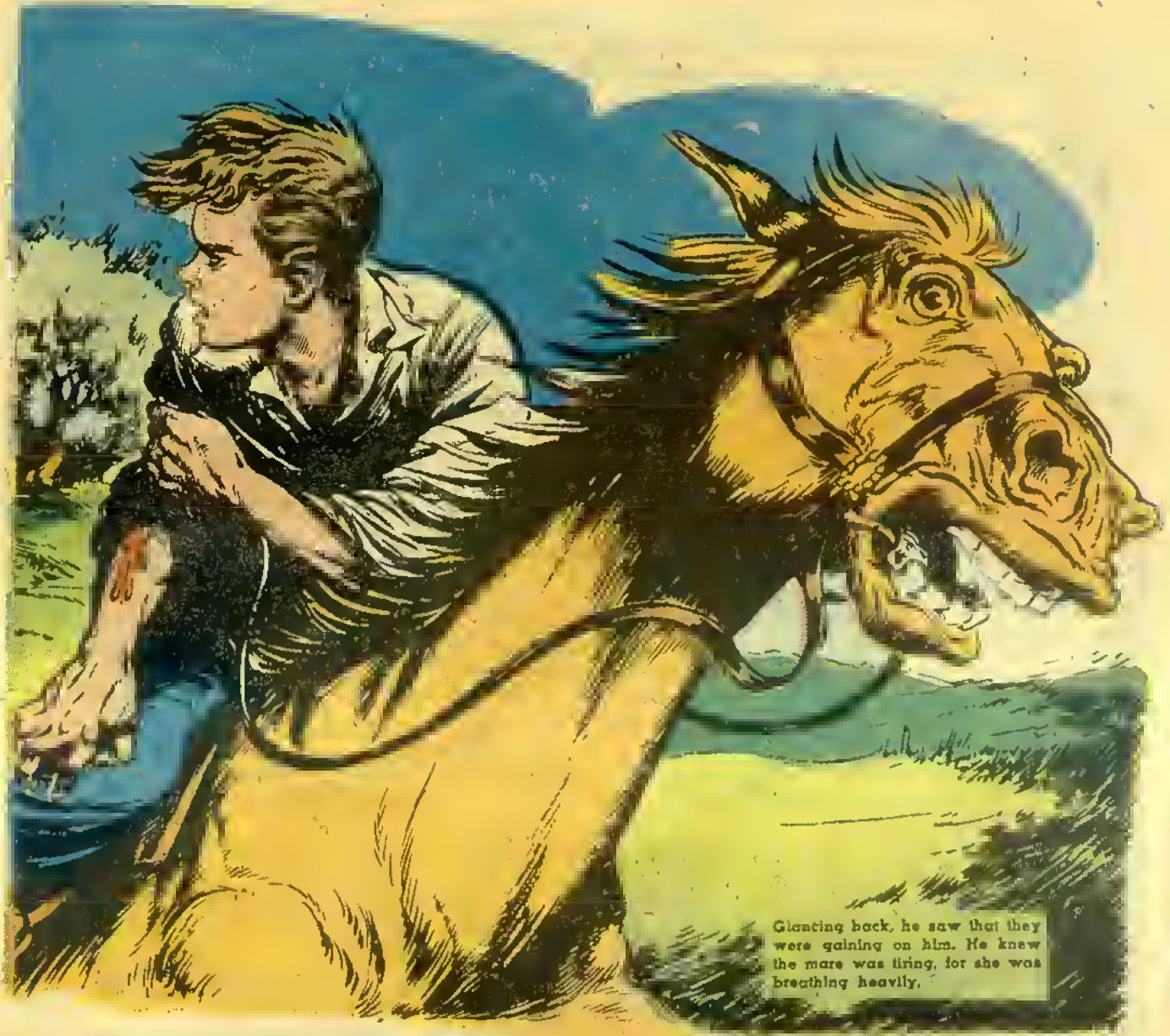
The mare whirled and snorted and jerked at the rope which Neal held firmly in his hands. As Neal spoke to her she became still again.

"Too high strung," Mr. Black said disgustedly.

"No, you just startled her," Neal felt his face flush as he spoke in her defense. "She didn't expect that slap. You have to let a horse know what's coming. You startled her."

"Bosh, you talk as though I'd never handled a horse before," Mr. Black's face was flushed now, giving it the appearance of a round red setting sun.

"I think what she needs, sir, is just some love and kindness," Neal knew he shouldn't have spoken. He



knew Mr. Black's understanding of horses was slight and that his only interest in them was money.

"Love and kindness!" The man laughed mirthlessly and walked toward the house, his short legs moving as though the load they had to carry was almost too much.

Neal turned to lead the new horse to the barn, glad to be alone with her. The sweet warmth of her breath against his neck was alive and meaningful to the boy. He loved this horse and the knowledge of it was soothing after the harshness of his boss.

The next morning Mr. Black left the ranch to be gone several weeks and Neal settled into a pleasant routine. Tam had been left to his care, just as he had hoped. Twice daily he massaged her lame leg, and groomed and curried her until the cowboys laughingly told him he'd brush the hide right off her. But he didn't mind their jibes. He was too happy to care about anything except Tam. Without realizing it, he came to think of her as *his* horse.

One morning just as he finished brushing her until

her coat shone like burnished brass, a car pulled into the yard. The foreman and men were out on the range and Neal was in charge. He hastily gave Tam a last brush, buried his blond head for a minute in her mane, and went outside to meet the stranger.

"Good morning." The man spoke smoothly and held out a small white hand. "I'm Wade Starbuck, a friend of Hugh's."

"Howdy," Neal greeted. "Mr. Black isn't here right now." He was wishing the man would go away so he could get back to Tam.

"That's O.K.," Wade answered, his small brown eyes moving here and there. "I just want to see some of his stock."

Neal tried to shake off his dislike for this man. He was friendly and seemed interested in horses. But there was something about his well-cut frontier pants, his shining boots, silver-studded belt and plaid shirt which repelled Neal. It was like the feeling he'd once had in watching the beautifully-patterned diamond back and graceful movements of a rattlesnake.

"Sure, sure," he stammered, suddenly conscious that the man was eyeing him strangely. "Like to see the new horse, Tam O'Shanter?" He pushed open the top half of the door into the stall. Now he was glad Mr. Starbuck had come, because he could show off the beautiful Tam.

"Tam O'Shanter?" Mr. Starbuck said, surprised. "Did Hugh buy her?"

"Yes, he's going to use her for a brood mare, but I think she might run agsin someday," Neal added shyly. This was the first time he'd put into words the thought that had been forming in his mind each day as he watched Tam's leg grow stronger.

"Oh, no, not that mare," Mr. Starbuck laughed. "I don't know why Hugh would invest in a broken-down horse like that," he said disgustedly and walked toward his ear. Then he turned and raised his hand in good-bye and laughed agsin. It was not a happy laugh. It was as ugly and grim and menacing as a snarl.

Neal shivered, then stood quietly and watched the man leave. He was glad when the ear pulled through the gate and turned down the road. He didn't like Mr. Starbuck, not at all. Then he went back to Tam, and in his joy with her forgot all about everything.

Gradually the leg began to heal and soon Tam could spend part of each day in the sunny corral. Love and understanding grew between the two of them. Neal's desire to own Tam became more intense until it was constantly in his thoughts and actions.

Mr. Black sent orders for work to the ranch at frequent intervals. These were hung on a nail in the barn where the foreman could refer to them. Although Neal's interest in the ranch was secondary to that in Tam he did his other work as assigned. But always his thoughts were with the golden horse. And Tam responded.

One day just after Neal had given Tam her morning feed, Wade Starbuck drove into the yard. This time a de luxe trailer painted in silver and black rolled smoothly behind his car.

"Wonder what he can want," Neal muttered, wishing the foreman and boys weren't working so far away from the ranch. But since there was no one else around

he'd have to go out and see what the man wanted. Why couldn't he come when Mr. Black was at the ranch house?

"Good morning," Wade said cordially when Neal appeared.

"Hello." Neal didn't like Starbuck any better than he had the first time he'd seen him.

"Came to pick up my horse," Wade said abruptly, pulling a folded paper from his pocket and holding it out to Neal. "Here's the bill of sale for Tam O'Shanter. Perfectly legal."

"Tam O'Shanter!" Neal started and looked at the man in surprise. "You must be mistaken. Mr. Black wouldn't sell her."

"Maybe not, but he did. Now hurry up and load her." He turned to let down the end gate of the trailer.

"The foreman's not here right now," Neal objected, looking at the signed paper in his hand.

"I can't wait for the foreman—and besides, you have the bill of sale there." Wade came around the trailer and stood looking at the boy. His hands were in the pockets of his light tan trousers, pulling back his coat so Neal could see the gun hanging on his hip.

Slowly Neal went toward the barn, listlessly took a halter from the nail and slipped it over Tam's head. Reaching for a brush he rubbed carefully along her already shining back. Tam turned to him and nickered softly and Neal's arms went around Tam's neck as he buried his face in the golden mane. Then, wiping his hand across his eyes, he took her out to the waiting trailer.

After the car and trailer had moved out from the ranch, the boy went back to the barn. Pulling the bill of sale from his pocket he jabbed it on the nail with the other orders from the boss.

"I shouldn't have done it, even if it was Mr. Black's order," he said to himself. "A man like Wade Starbuck just shouldn't have her."

He reached for a bridle and his eye glimpsed the bill of sale hanging a little crookedly on the nail above the others. Then he ran into the corral, caught up the little black gelding and bridled him. Once on his back, Neal cut off across the fields at a steady canter. He'd intercept Starbuck and get Tam O'Shanter back!

Coming up a slight hill he saw the car and trailer below him. Seeing the sun glinting on Tam's back made him dig his heels into the black flanks beneath him. Gradually he worked his way down behind the trailer until he could follow it and still keep out of Wade's sight. His thoughts jumped from one plan to another, searching for something which could not fail.

Neal was certain that Starbuck was heading for the side road which led across the border into Mexico, and once across the line all chances of recovering Tam would be lost. Suddenly the ear and trailer stopped and Neal pulled up on his horse. His heart pounded, for this looked like the showdown and he still hadn't formulated a plan. He wondered if Starbuck had seen him. Then he saw the other car ahead in the side road. A man got out and walked to meet Starbuck, who had left his car. Neal could not hear their words but they seemed absorbed in serious conversation.

This was his chance. Quietly he slipped to the ground, tied the black to the side of the trailer, out of sight of the two men. He slipped the bolt from the end gate and lowered it carefully. Putting a hand on Tam as she turned to look at him, he felt her tremble slightly and knew that she recognized him. Silently he edged his way up to her halter rope.

"Steady, girl," he whispered in her ear as he slipped the knot loose.

His hands were eager but calm as he pulled the rope free and hoisted himself up on her back.

"Easy now, let's go," he whispered again and pressed his knees against her sides.

Tam moved backward cautiously. Neal felt his heart pounding. She seemed to sense the need for quiet and haste. Her hind feet were on the ground, then she put her front feet cautiously on the gate, turned, and was out. Neal felt exultation sweep through him.

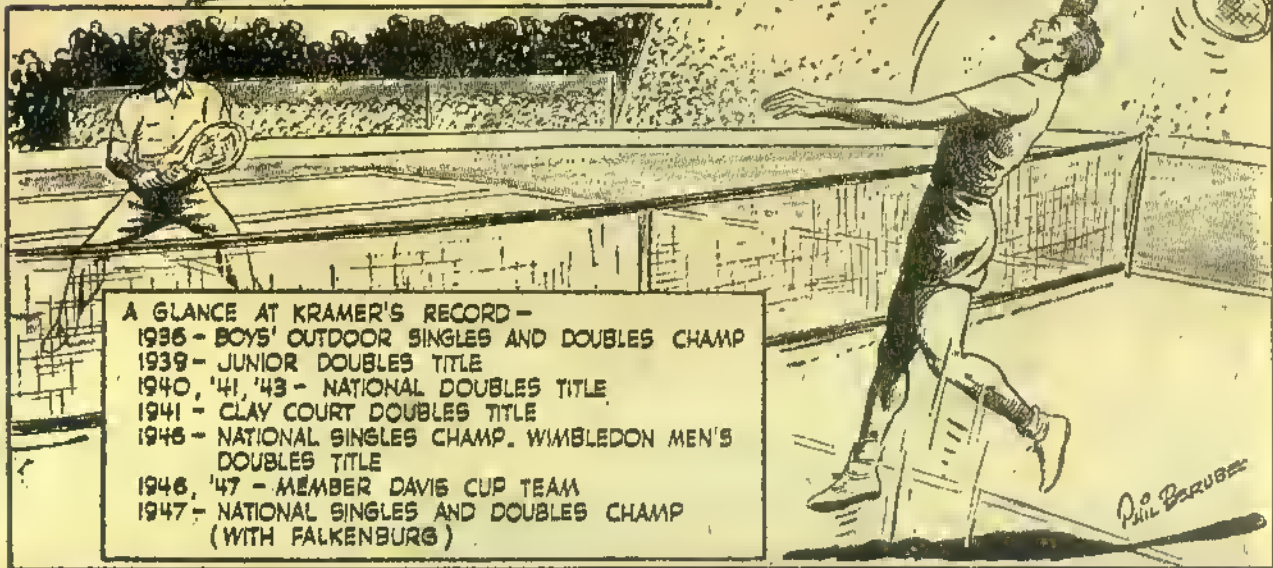
He had forgotten the black horse until a loud whinny cut the quiet air. Instinctively Neal dug his heels into Tam and leaned forward as she jumped and ran. He looked back to see Wade turn, run toward the trailer and vault the black horse.

(Continued on page 50)

KING at COURT

Jack "Big Jake" Kramer
Los Angeles, California

KING OF THE TENNIS COURTS IS "BIG JAKE" KRAMER, NATIONAL DOUBLES AND SINGLES CHAMPION, NOW A MEMBER OF THE PLAY-FOR-PAY PROFESSIONALS. MANY EXPERTS RANK HIM WITH SUCH ALL-TIME TENNIS GREATS AS TILDEN, VINES AND BUDGE. HIS STRONG, ALL-ROUND GAME HAS ALREADY ENABLED HIM TO DOMINATE THE PRO RANKS AGAINST SUCH STIFF COMPETITION AS THAT PROVIDED BY ACROBATIC BOBBY RIGGS AND OTHER TOPFLIGHT STARS.



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 1941 - CLAY COURT DOUBLES TITLE
 1946 - NATIONAL SINGLES CHAMP. WIMBLEDON MEN'S DOUBLES TITLE
 1946, '47 - MEMBER DAVIS CUP TEAM
 1947 - NATIONAL SINGLES AND DOUBLES CHAMP (WITH FALKENBURG)

Phil Berube

A NEW JACK ARMSTRONG ADVENTURE

The Burning

JACK ARMSTRONG AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE UNDERTAKEN A SECRET AND DANGEROUS MISSION TO THE SOUTH SEAS. IN A SPECIALLY-EQUIPPED HELICOPTER, THEY ARE EXPLORING VOLCANIC CRATERS, — TESTING MOLTEN ROCK FOR RADIO-ACTIVE MATERIALS. . .



Volcano



AT THE TINY PACIFIC ISLAND WHERE JACK PLANS TO EXPLORE THE SMOULDERING CRATER, KOMA...

THANKS FOR MEETING US, COMMISSIONER

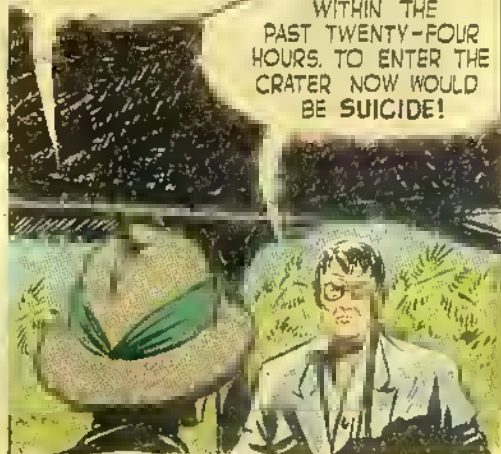
NO THANKS AT ALL, ARMSTRONG—IT'S GOOD TO SEE SOMEONE FROM THE STATES.



WHILE BETTY AND BILLY CATCH A NAP, JACK HAS A TALK WITH THE COMMISSIONER AND HIS ASSISTANT.

DID YOU RECEIVE MY CODED MESSAGE EXPLAINING OUR MISSION?

YES—AND I MUST WARN YOU THAT KOMA HAS BECOME ACTIVE WITHIN THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS. TO ENTER THE CRATER NOW WOULD BE SUICIDE!



THEN YOU ADVISE ME NOT
TO ENTER THE VOLCANO,
COMMISSIONER?

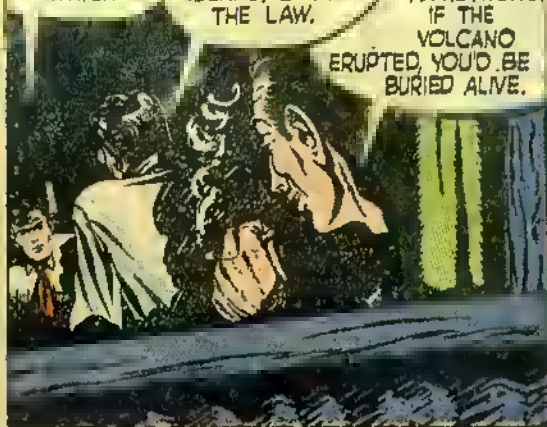
ADVISE? I ABSOLUTELY
FORBID IT! YOU'D
NEVER GET OUT
ALIVE.



BUT I HAVE
OFFICIAL
PAPERS HERE
WHICH—

PAPERS OR NO
PAPERS, YOUNG
MAN—ON THIS
ISLAND, I AM
THE LAW.

THE
COMMISSIONER
IS RIGHT,
ARMSTRONG.
IF THE
VOLCANO
ERUPTED, YOU'D BE
BURIED ALIVE.



COME, COME, LET'S CONSIDER
THE MATTER CLOSED. HERE,
ARMSTRONG, HAVE A CIGAR.

THANKS, BUT
UNLIKE THE
VOLCANO, I
DON'T SMOKE!
UH—PLEASE BE
CAREFUL OF MY
HELMET, COMMISSIONER.



PS, SORRY! I'M AFRAID
I ALMOST SAT ON IT!
NOW, GETTING BACK TO
THE VOLCANO—I HAVE
A PLAN.

A PLAN?

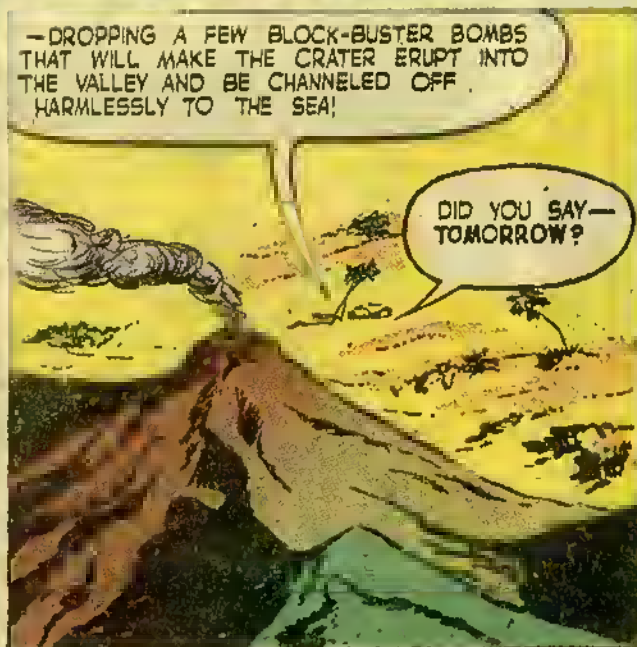


—DROPPING A FEW BLOCK-BUSTER BOMBS
THAT WILL MAKE THE CRATER ERUPT INTO
THE VALLEY AND BE CHANNLED OFF
HARMLESSLY TO THE SEA!

YES—BEHIND THAT VOLCANO
IS A LONG, DEEP VALLEY THAT
LEADS TO THE SEA.
TOMORROW I'M GOING TO
BEAT THAT CRATER TO
THE PUNCH BY—

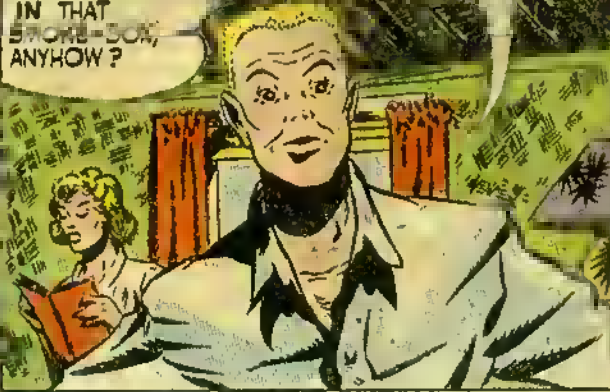


DID YOU SAY—
TOMORROW?



RETURNING TO HIS QUARTERS, JACK TELLS BILLY AND BETTY OF THE COMMISSIONER'S PLAN TO BLOW UP THE CRATER—

THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP. SOON AS WE ARRIVE, THE COMMISSIONER TELLS US THE CRATER IS ACTIVE, THEN HE MAKES PLANS TO BLOW IT UP! WHAT'S IN THAT STONE-BOX, ANYHOW?



IMAGINE! THIS TRAVEL FOLDER SAYS TREMENDOUS HEAT AND PRESSURE INSIDE A VOLCANO CAN PRODUCE DIAMONDS, SAPPHIRES AND OTHER GEMS.

PLEASE, BETTY—THIS IS NO TIME TO TALK ABOUT JUNK JEWELRY!



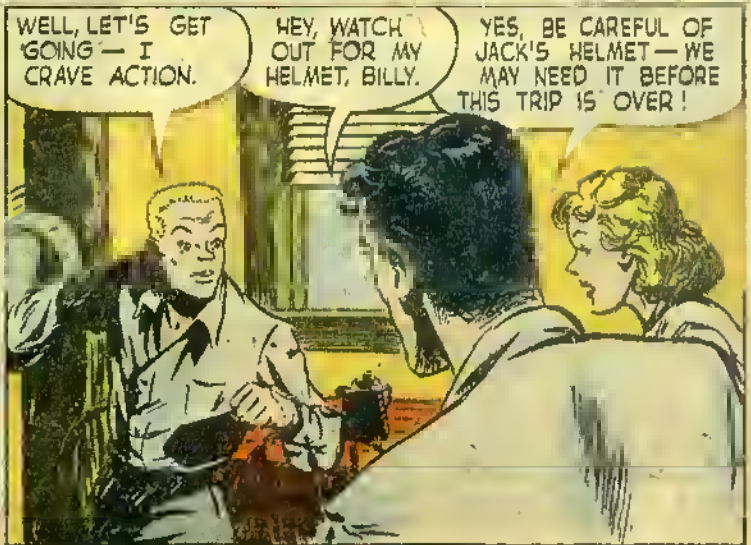
WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! TONIGHT WILL BE OUR LAST CHANCE TO GET IN THE CRATER AND COLLECT RADIOACTIVE SPECIMENS BEFORE IT'S BLOWN UP!



WELL, LET'S GET GOING—I CRAVE ACTION.

HEY, WATCH OUT FOR MY HELMET, BILLY.

YES, BE CAREFUL OF JACK'S HELMET—WE MAY NEED IT BEFORE THIS TRIP IS OVER!

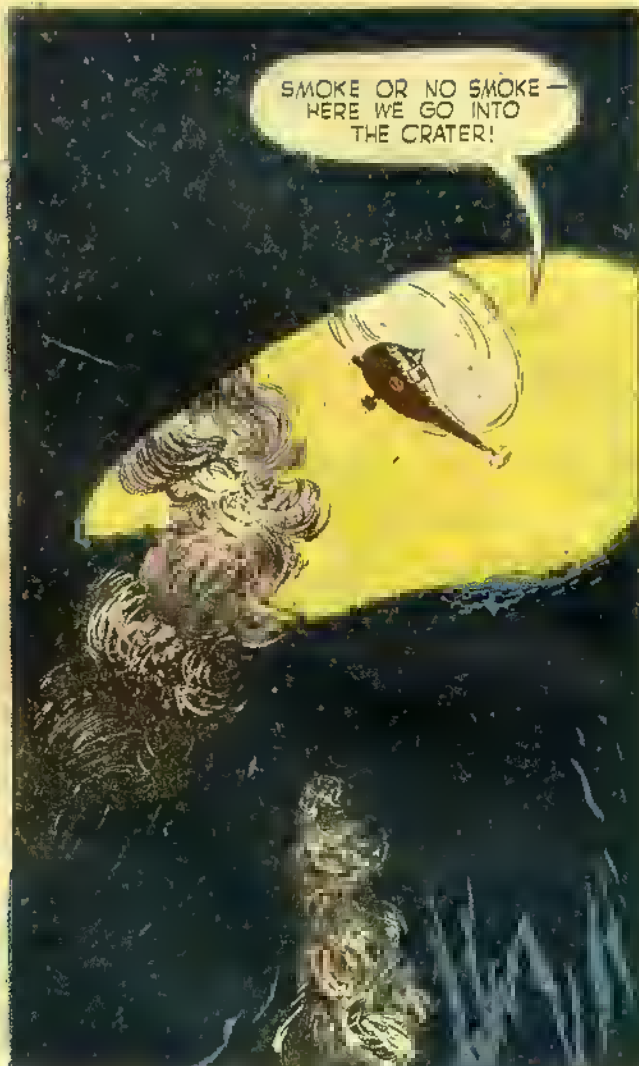


UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, JACK AND BETTY PREPARE TO TAKE OFF FOR THEIR FLIGHT INTO THE VOLCANO. BILLY REMAINS BEHIND TO PREVENT PURSUIT...



IT'S A RACE AGAINST TIME, BETTY. WE'VE GOT TO GET IN AND OUT OF THAT CRATER BEFORE IT'S BOMBED—OR BEFORE IT ERUPTS!!





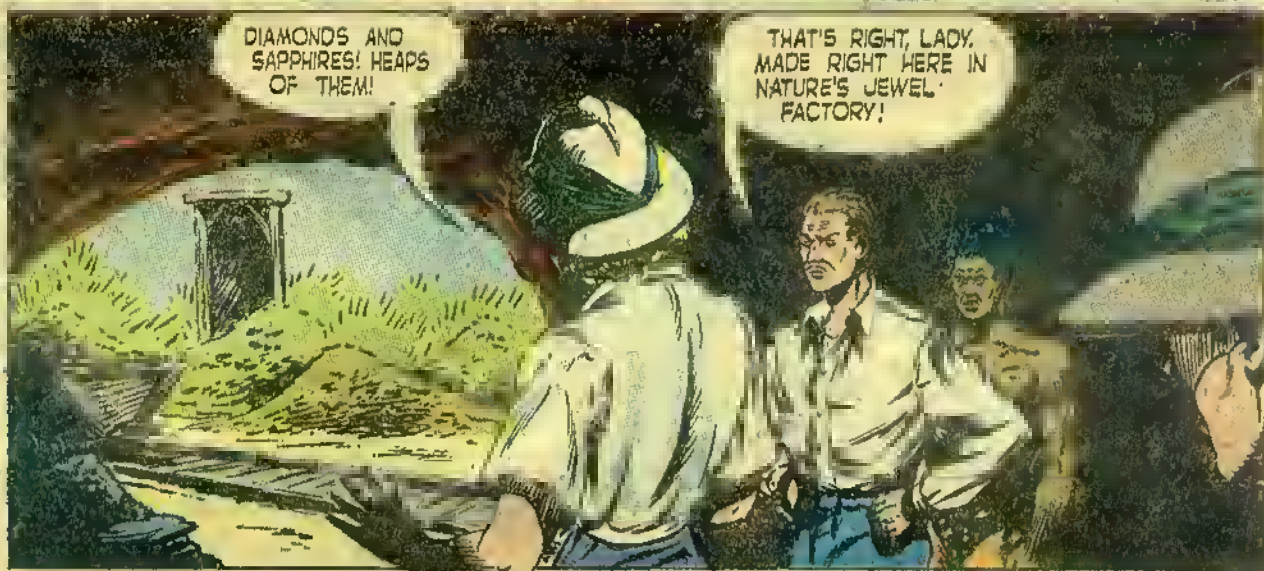


BORMAN!

SAVE YOUR BREATH,
ARMSTRONG. YOU DON'T
HAVE MUCH LEFT!



KEEP YOUR HANDS HIGH
AND GET INSIDE—BOTH
OF YOU!



DIAMONDS AND
SAPPHIRES! HEAPS
OF THEM!

THAT'S RIGHT, LADY.
MADE RIGHT HERE IN
NATURE'S JEWEL
FACTORY!



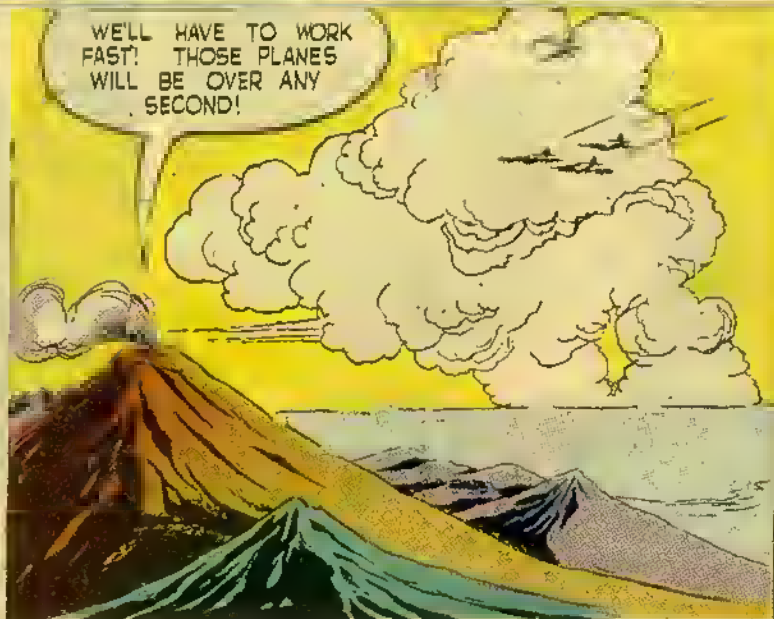
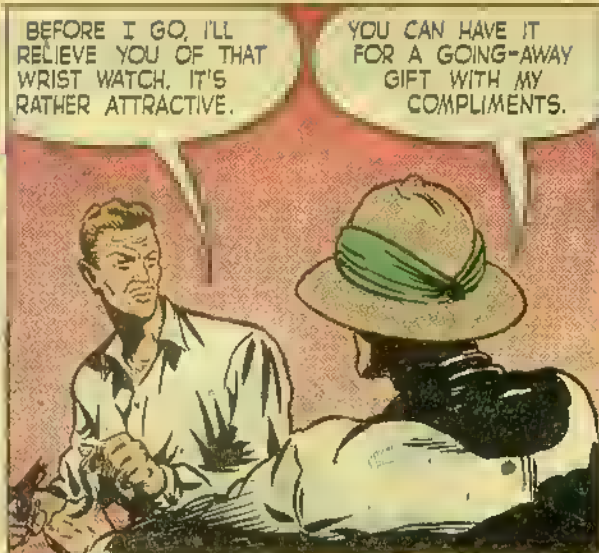
I MUST REMOVE THE GEMS BEFORE
THAT STUPID COMMISSIONER BLOWS THE
CRATER TO BITS. UNFORTUNATELY, YOU
KNOW MY SECRET... SO YOU
MUST REMAIN!



AT THAT MOMENT...

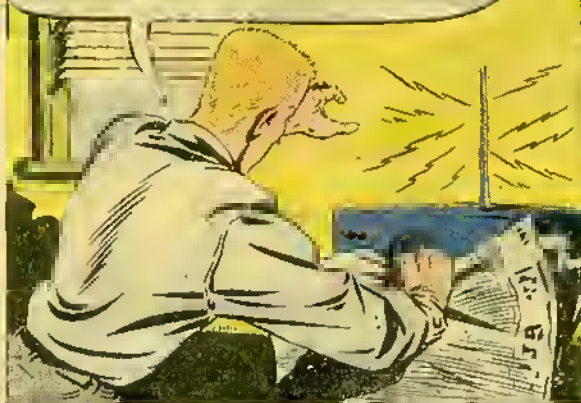
MASTER!
PLANES
COME!

THE BOMBERS!
QUICK, GURU—
GET THE GEMS
INTO THE BOAT
AND PREPARE TO
TAKE OFF!



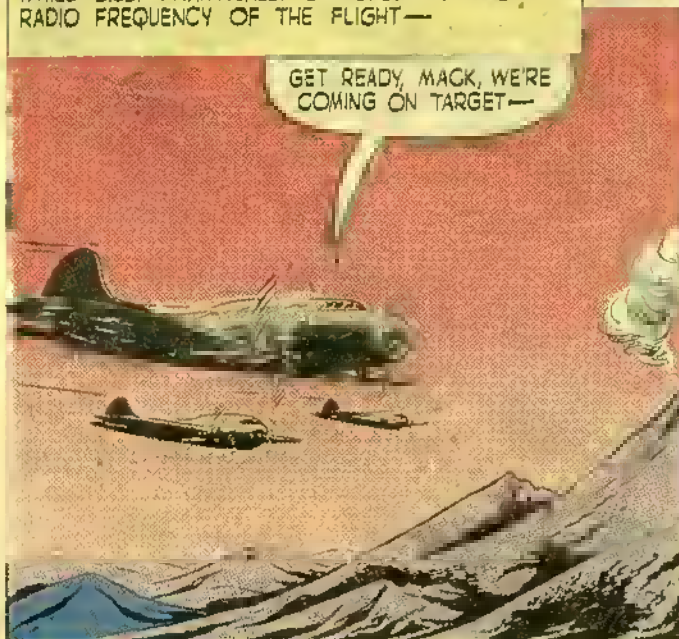
MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE BASE...

NO NEWS MAY BE GOOD NEWS, BUT IF I DON'T HEAR—OOPS! THERE'S JACK'S SIGNAL, NOW! COME IN, COME IN, PAL!



WHILE BILLY FRANTICALLY SWITCHES TO THE RADIO FREQUENCY OF THE FLIGHT—

GET READY, MACK, WE'RE COMING ON TARGET—



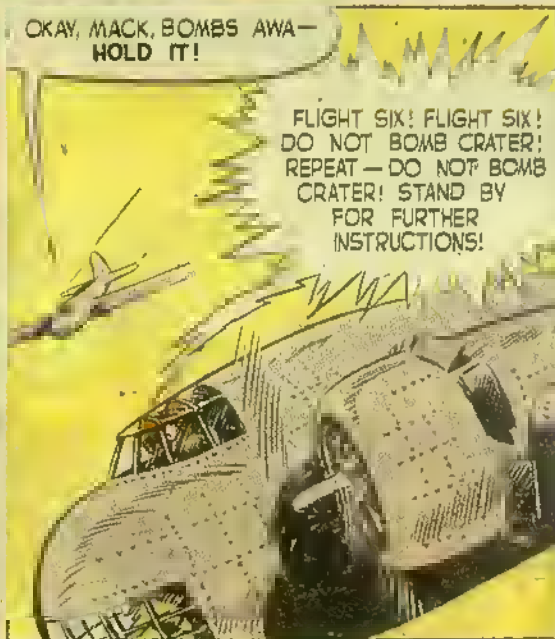
WE'RE TRAPPED IN THE CRATER! GET WORD TO THAT BOMBING FLIGHT... TELL 'EM TO HOLD OFF THOSE BLOCK-BUSTERS!

SMOKIN' CRATERS!!



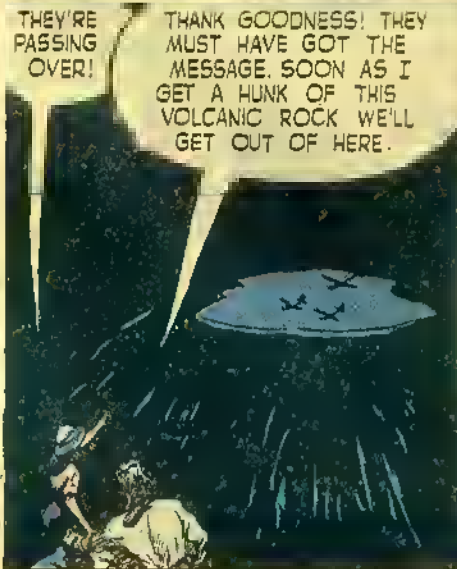
OKAY, MACK, BOMBS AWAY—
HOLD IT!

FLIGHT SIX! FLIGHT SIX!
DO NOT BOMB CRATER!
REPEAT—DO NOT BOMB
CRATER! STAND BY
FOR FURTHER
INSTRUCTIONS!



THEY'RE
PASSING
OVER!

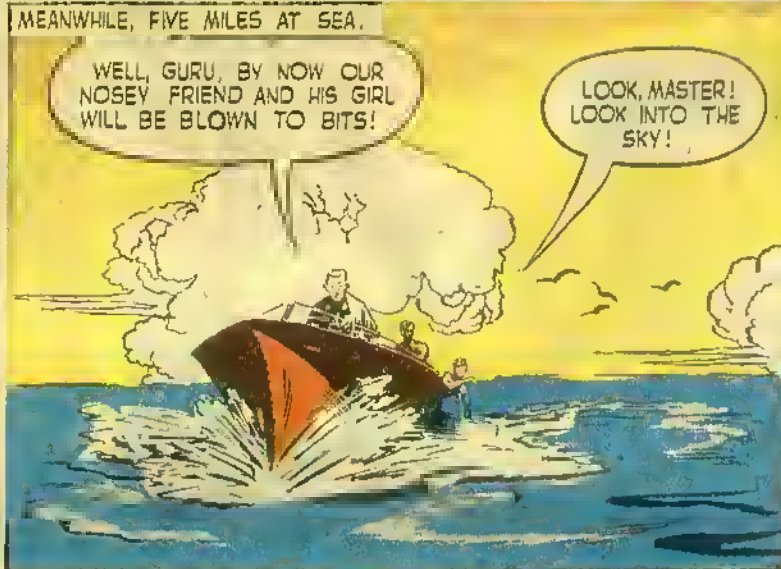
THANK GOODNESS! THEY
MUST HAVE GOT THE
MESSAGE. SOON AS I
GET A HUNK OF THIS
VOLCANIC ROCK WE'LL
GET OUT OF HERE.



MEANWHILE, FIVE MILES AT SEA.

WELL, GURU, BY NOW OUR
NOSEY FRIEND AND HIS GIRL
WILL BE BLOWN TO BITS!

LOOK, MASTER!
LOOK INTO THE
SKY!



INSTRUCTIONS TO FLIGHT SIX...
LOCATE AND DESTROY, IF
NECESSARY, MOTOR LAUNCH
CARRYING ERIK BORMAN
AND ILLEGAL CARGO
OF UNCUT GEMS!

WHEW! BORMAN!
THAT'S THE
COMMISSIONER'S
ASSISTANT!



AS THE PURSUING PLANES SWOOP LOW IN A
WARNING MANEUVER, BORMAN FIRES A FUSILLADE
OF MACHINE-GUN BULLETS —

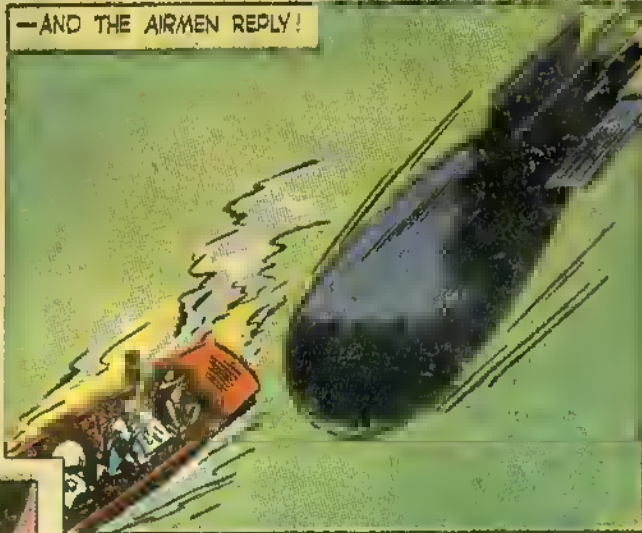


HE'S PROBABLY
HEADING FOR THE
MAINLAND!

LOOK! THERE'S
A MOTOR LAUNCH
GOING AWAY AT
FIVE O'CLOCK.



—AND THE AIRMEN REPLY!



WELL, THAT'S THE
END OF BORMAN!

YEAH! LET'S GET
BACK TO BASE
AND FIND OUT
WHAT THIS IS ALL
ABOUT!



LATER, IN THE OFFICE OF THE COMMISSIONER—

YOU HAD A CLOSE CALL, ARMSTRONG. IF FAIRFIELD HADN'T RADIOED FLIGHT SIX YOU'D HAVE BEEN BLOWN TO BITS.

SPEAKING OF BITS, COMMISSIONER—



VERY INTERESTING—BUT MORE IMPORTANT TO ME IS THE WAY YOU EXPOSED BORMAN'S ILLEGAL ACTIVITIES.

YES, COMMISSIONER!

YOUR ASSISTANT HAD FOUND A TREMENDOUS TREASURE OF NATURAL-MADE GEMS INSIDE THE CRATER—THEN KEPT OTHERS AWAY BY PIPING OUT SMOKE THAT MADE THE VOLCANO APPEAR ACTIVE. HE AND GURU MUST HAVE MADE A FORTUNE BEFORE YOUR PILOTS CAUGHT UP WITH THEM."

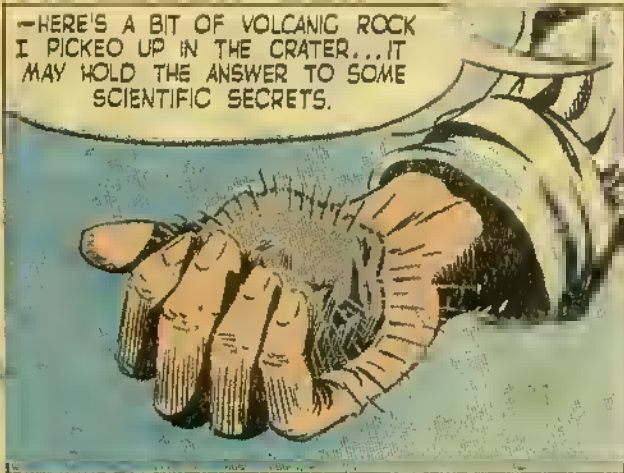


OOPS, SORRY!

YOU SEE, COMMISSIONER—YOU ALMOST SAT ON THE ANSWER TO YOUR QUESTION! MY OWN LITTLE INVENTION—A HELMET-RADIO!



—HERE'S A BIT OF VOLCANIC ROCK I PICKED UP IN THE CRATER...IT MAY HOLD THE ANSWER TO SOME SCIENTIFIC SECRETS.



JUST ONE THING PUZZLES ME. HOW DID YOU GET IN TOUCH WITH FAIRFIELD WHILE YOU WERE INSIDE THE VOLCANO?

WATCH OUT FOR MY SUN HELMET, COMMISSIONER.



IN FACT, COMMISH—YOU MIGHT CALL IT A ONE-BAND SUPERWATERODYNE!

ANOTHER REMARK LIKE THAT, BILLY, AND THE COMMISSIONER WILL CLAMP DOWN THE LID ON ALL OF US.



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This High-Power long-range telescope will magnify objects miles away 10 to 15 times. Precision ground and polished lenses for clear vision. COMPLETELY ASSEMBLED! Satisfaction Guaranteed or money refunded.

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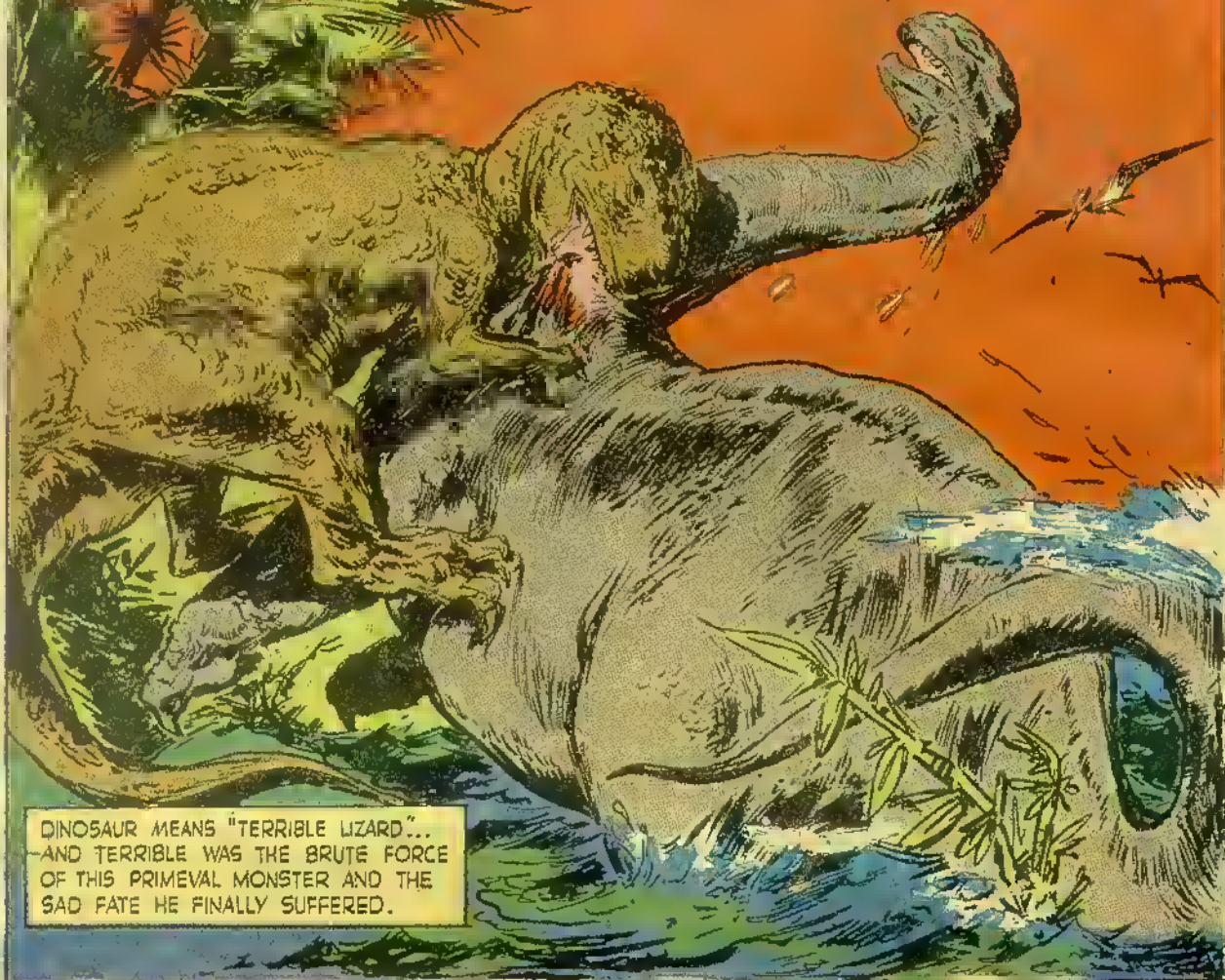
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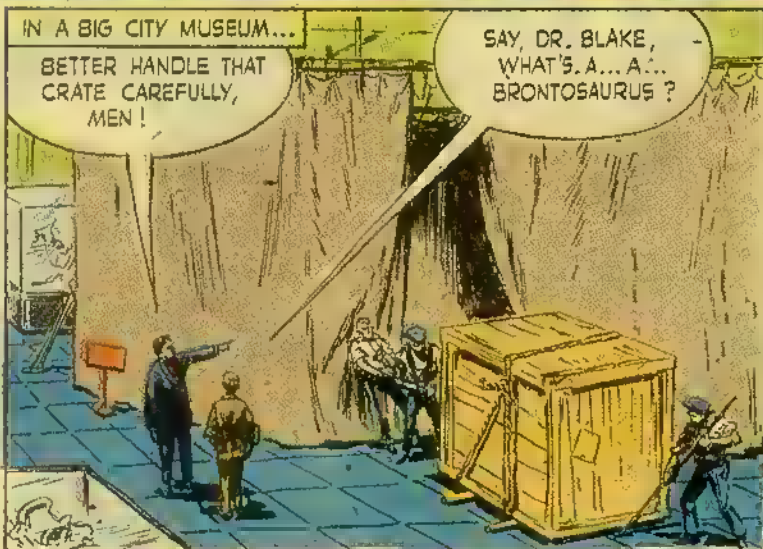
SEEK PAID

GREAT LIZARD

of TEN MILLION YEARS AGO !



DINOSAUR MEANS "TERRIBLE LIZARD"...
AND TERRIBLE WAS THE BRUTE FORCE
OF THIS PRIMEVAL MONSTER AND THE
SAD FATE HE FINALLY SUFFERED.



IN A BIG CITY MUSEUM...

BETTER HANDLE THAT
CRATE CAREFULLY,
MEN !

SAY, DR. BLAKE,
WHAT'S A... A...
BRONTOSAURUS ?



A BRONTOSAURUS, TOMMY,
IS A HUGE PREHISTORIC
MONSTER RELATED TO
LIZARDS AND SNAKES
OF TODAY.

"DURING THE MESOZOIC PERIOD OF THE EARTH'S HISTORY, IN THE TERRITORY WE NOW CALL THE BADLANDS OF UTAH, THE BRONTOSAURUS ROAMED."



"HIS BODY WAS AS BIG AS THE BIGGEST ELEPHANT, HIS FEET THE SIZE OF TABLE TOPS. MOST OF THE TIME, HE ATE LEAVES AND HERBS."



"SOMETIMES, HOWEVER, EVEN HE WAS ATTACKED."

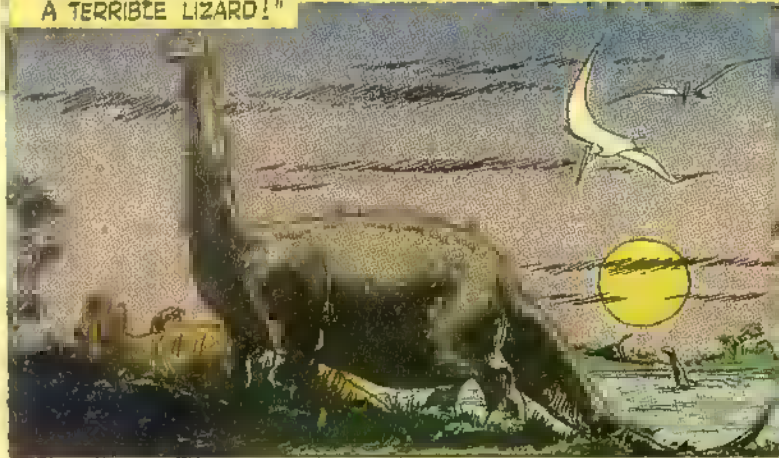


"THEN, A FIERCE BATTLE WOULD RAGE!"

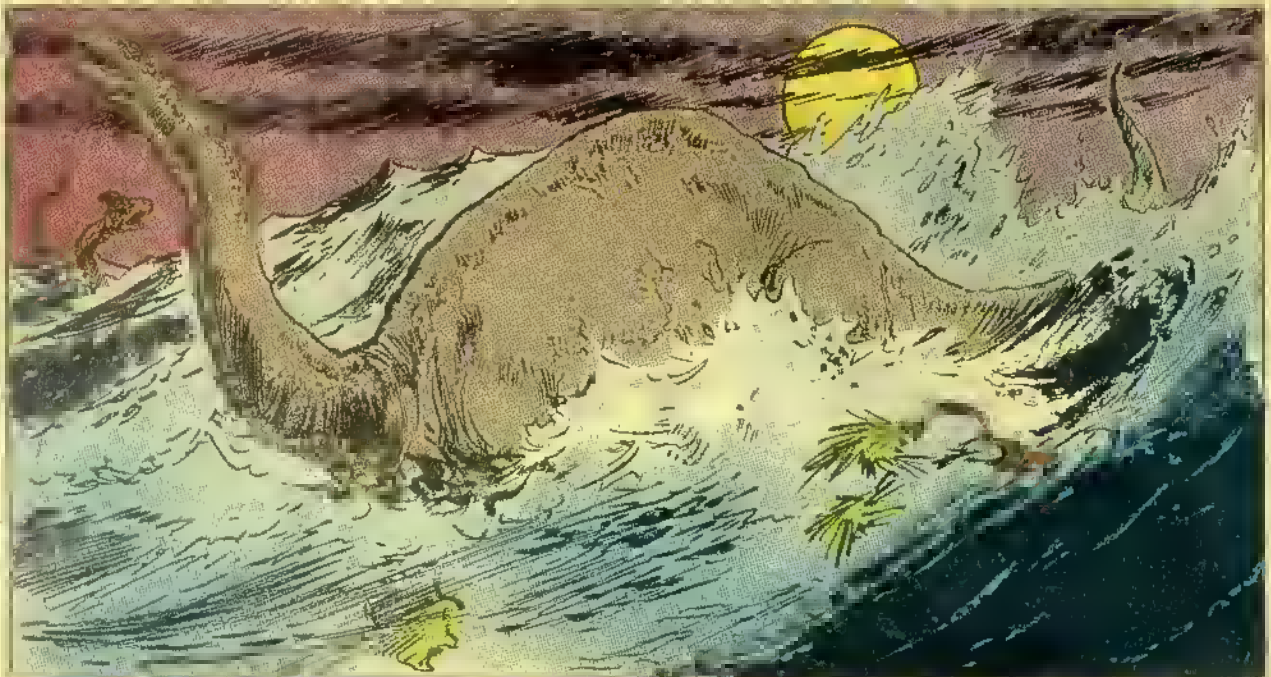


"BUT THE OTHER LIZARDS WERE NO MATCH FOR THE MIGHTY BRONTO."

"THE GIANT BRONTOSAURUS GREW TO A LENGTH OF EIGHTY FEET, HIS BACK WAS FOURTEEN FEET FROM THE GROUND... TRULY, A TERRIBLE LIZARD!"



BUT HE WAS SLOW-MOVING AND SLOW-THINKING. INCH BY INCH, THE ICE AGE EDGED DOWN UPON HIS HOMELAND. ONE DAY, HUGE FLOODS CAME...

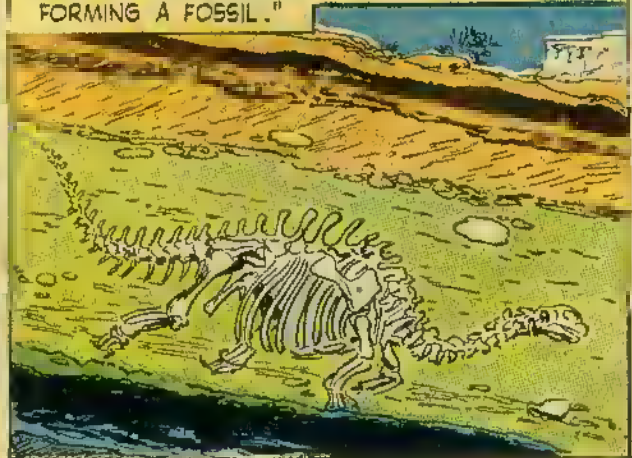


"HE WAS COMPLETELY UNPREPARED ... AND LOST! BRONTOSAURUS WAS SWEEPED AWAY, ENGULFED BY THE PREHISTORIC TORRENT!"

"THUS, THE MONSTER DIED, AND HIS BODY WAS COVERED BY THE RIVER MUD."



"FOR CENTURIES, THE WATERS DEPOSITED MINERAL MATTER AROUND THE CREATURE'S SKELETON... FORMING A FOSSIL."

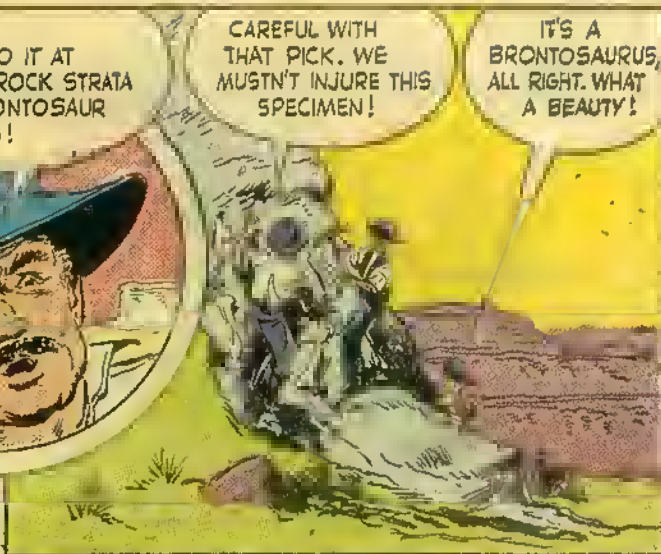
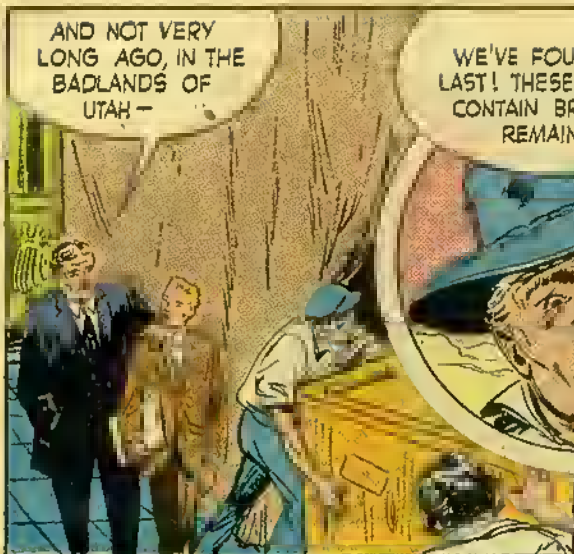


AND NOT VERY
LONG AGO, IN THE
BADLANDS OF
UTAH -

WE'VE FOUND IT AT
LAST! THESE ROCK STRATA
CONTAIN BRONTOSAUR
REMAINS!

CAREFUL WITH
THAT PICK. WE
MUSTN'T INJURE THIS
SPECIMEN!

IT'S A
BRONTOSAURUS,
ALL RIGHT. WHAT
A BEAUTY!

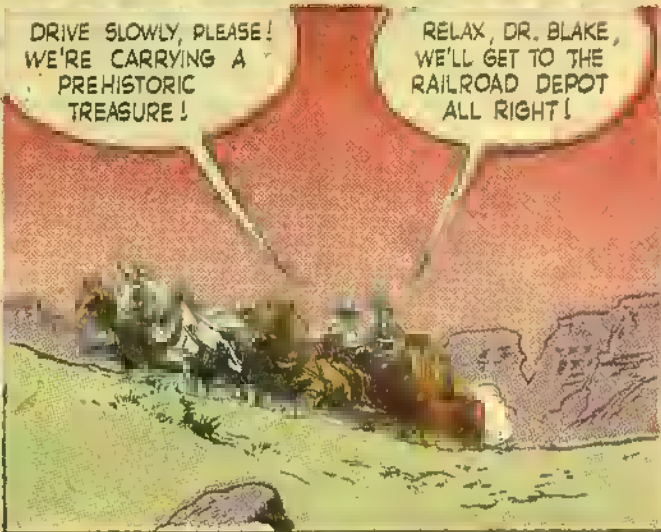


EASY! EASY!
THESE FOSSILS ARE
MORE PRECIOUS
THAN GOLD!

GREAT SCOTT,
THESE BONES ARE
HEAVY... THEY MUST
WEIGH HUNDREDS
OF POUNDS!

DRIVE SLOWLY, PLEASE!
WE'RE CARRYING A
PREHISTORIC
TREASURE!

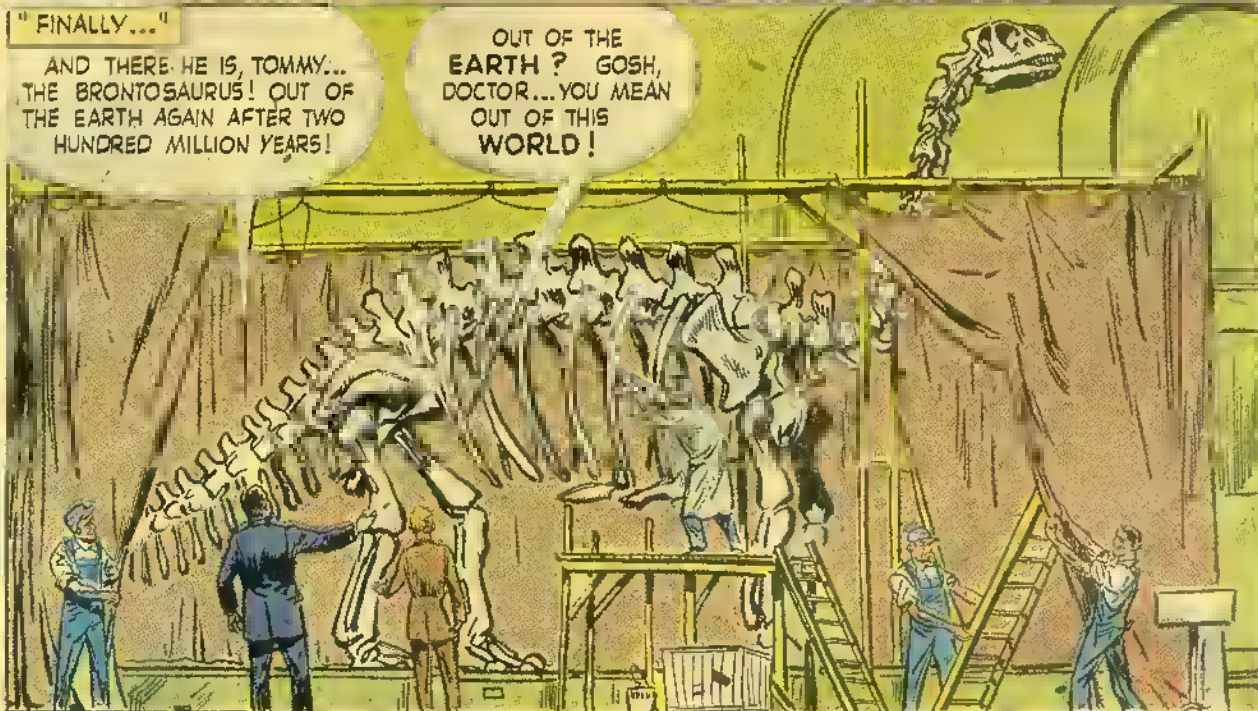
RELAX, DR. BLAKE,
WE'LL GET TO THE
RAILROAD DEPOT
ALL RIGHT!



"FINALLY..."

AND THERE HE IS, TOMMY...
THE BRONTOSAURUS! OUT OF
THE EARTH AGAIN AFTER TWO
HUNDRED MILLION YEARS!

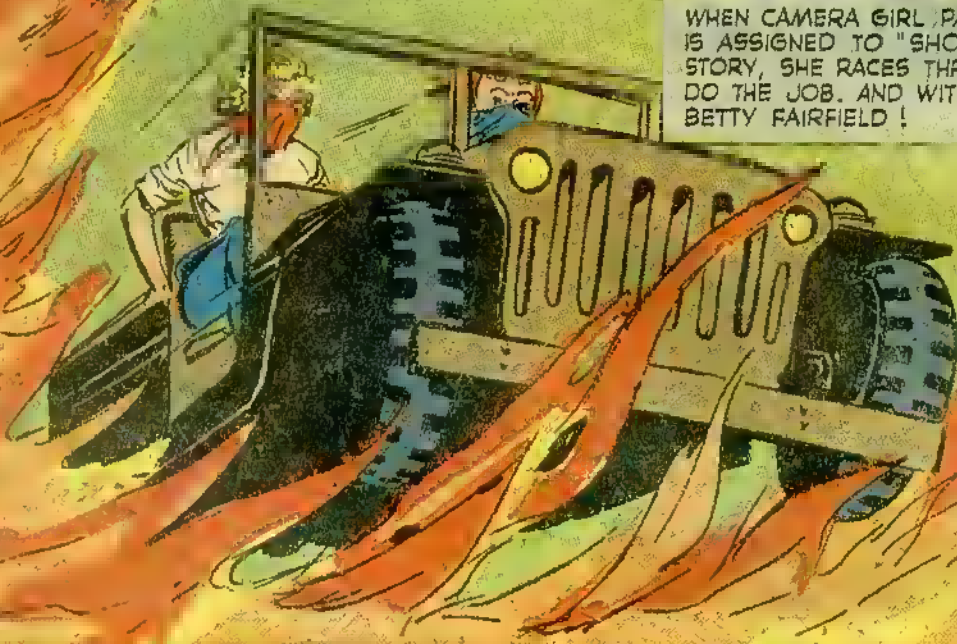
OUT OF THE
EARTH? GOSH,
DOCTOR... YOU MEAN
OUT OF THIS
WORLD!



A NEW BETTY FAIRFIELD ADVENTURE

Hot Jeep!

WHEN CAMERA GIRL PAMELA FOXE IS ASSIGNED TO "SHOOT" A LOGGING STORY, SHE RACES THROUGH FIRE TO DO THE JOB. AND WITH HER GOES... BETTY FAIRFIELD!



BETTY AND PAM TAKE TO THE GREAT NORTH WOODS.

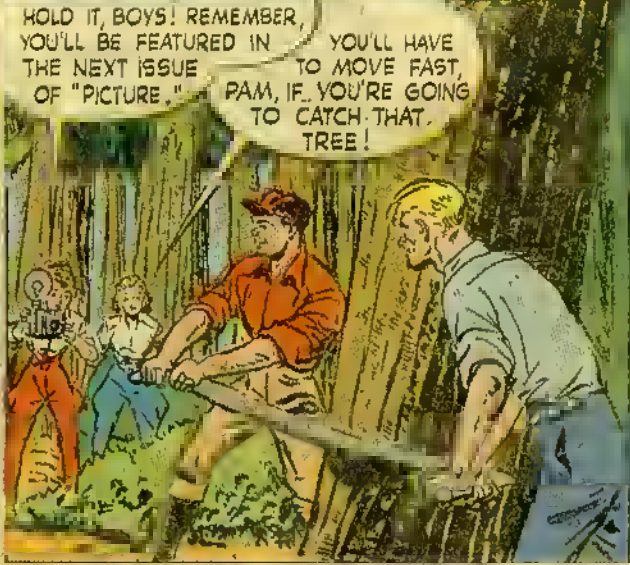
HERE WE
ARE, BETTY.
ALL OUT!

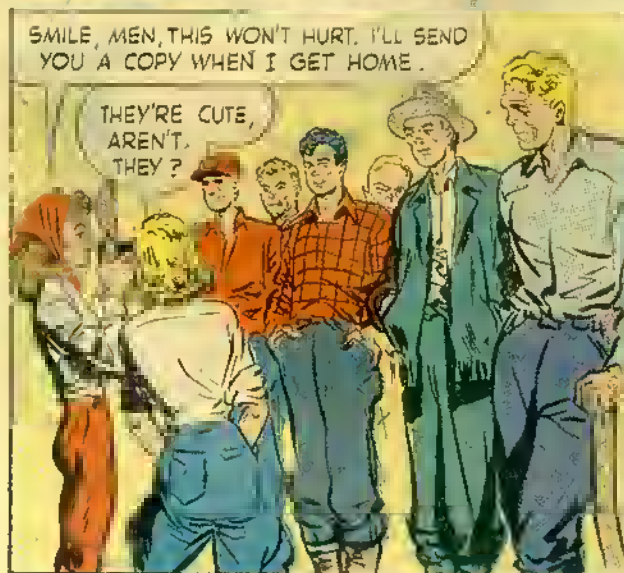
ALL IN, YOU
MEAN! THIS JEEP'S
A CEMENT-MIXER
ON WHEELS!

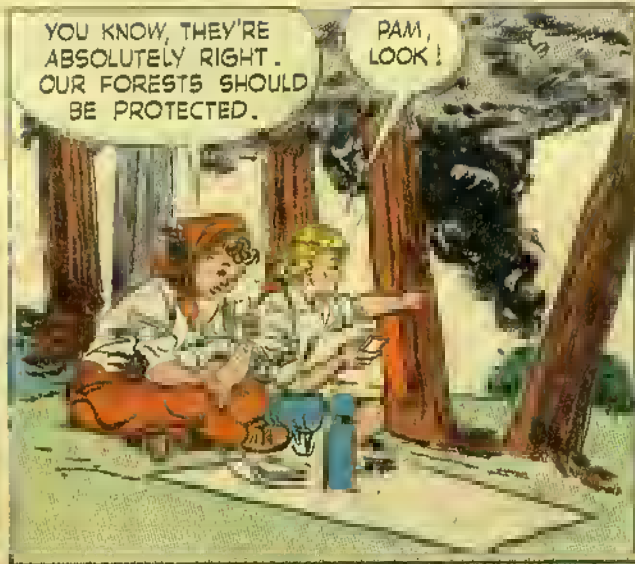
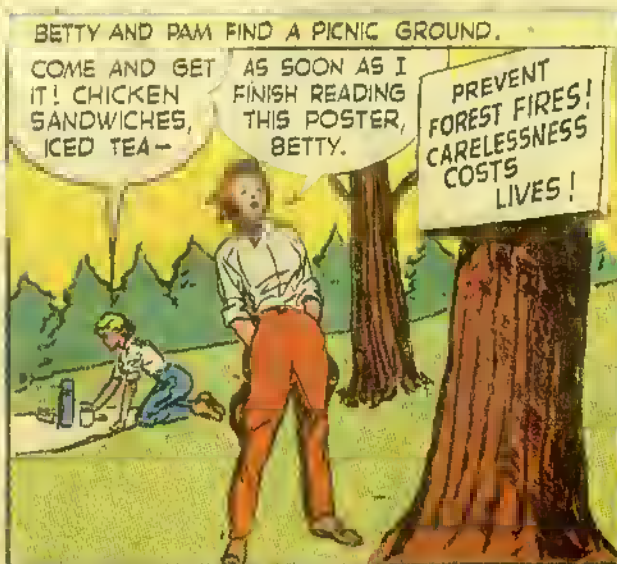


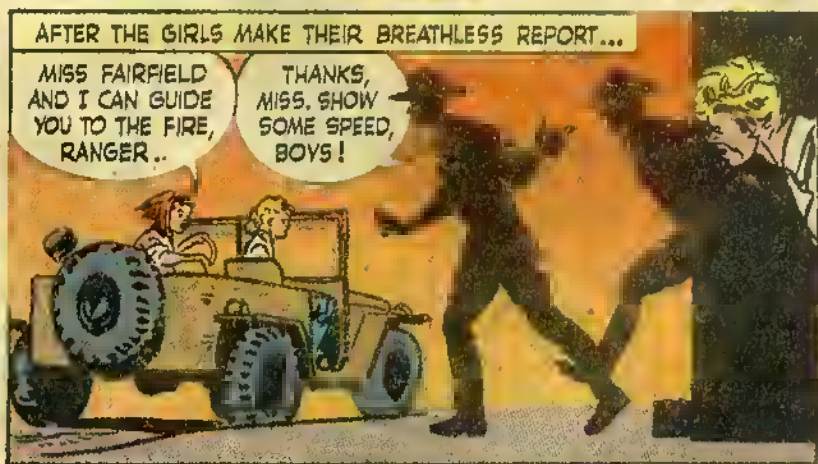
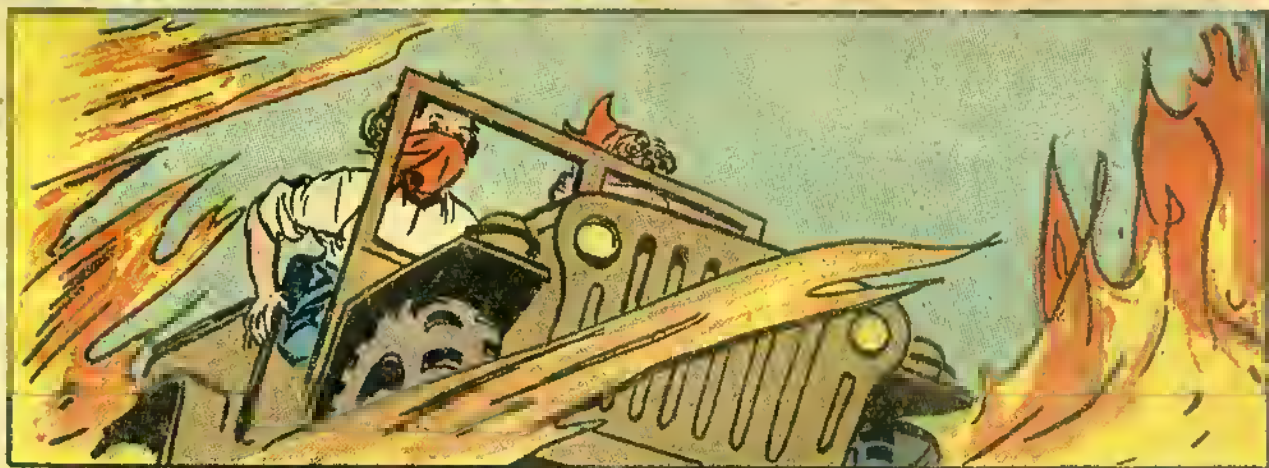
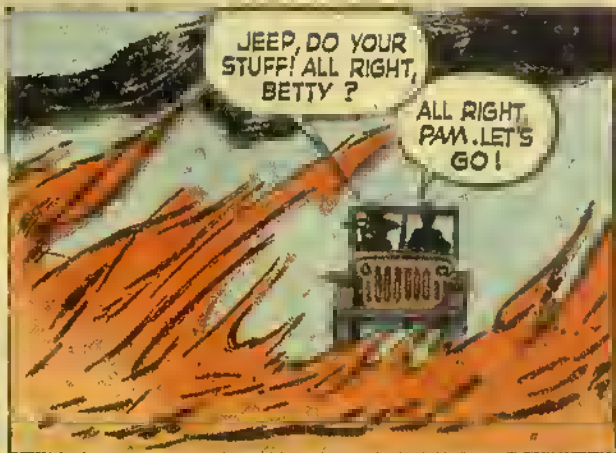
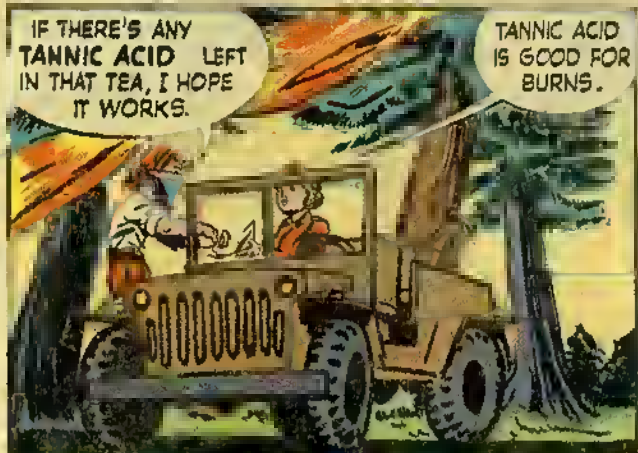
HOLD IT, BOYS! REMEMBER,
YOU'LL BE FEATURED IN
THE NEXT ISSUE
OF "PICTURE."

YOU'LL HAVE
TO MOVE FAST,
PAM, IF YOU'RE GOING
TO CATCH THAT
TREE!









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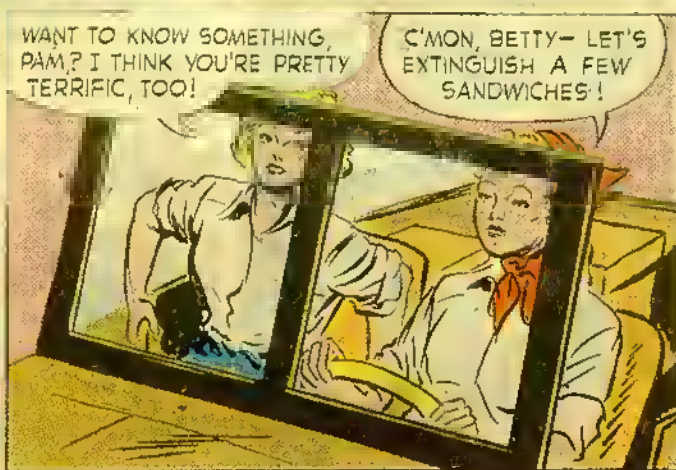
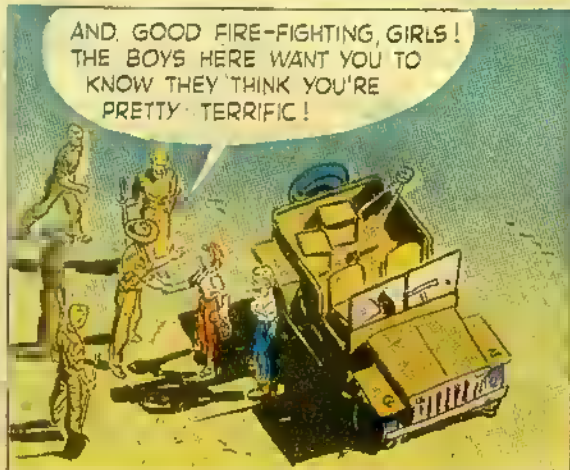
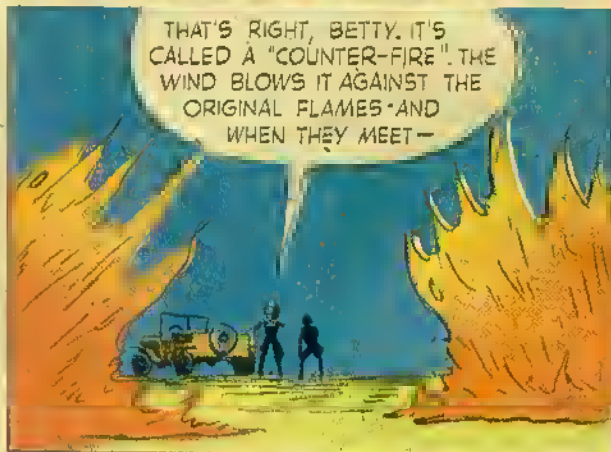
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JA 9

THE FIREFIGHTERS TACKLE THE BLAZE.

QUICK, BETTY, I WANT TO GET THOSE TRENCH DIGGERS IN ACTION!

WHAT'S THAT OTHER GROUP DOING—BUILDING ANOTHER FIRE!



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JA '9



Billy MAKES A BIG SPLASH!

SORRY,
SLOW-POKE!

HEY!
CUT THAT OUT,
WISE GUY!

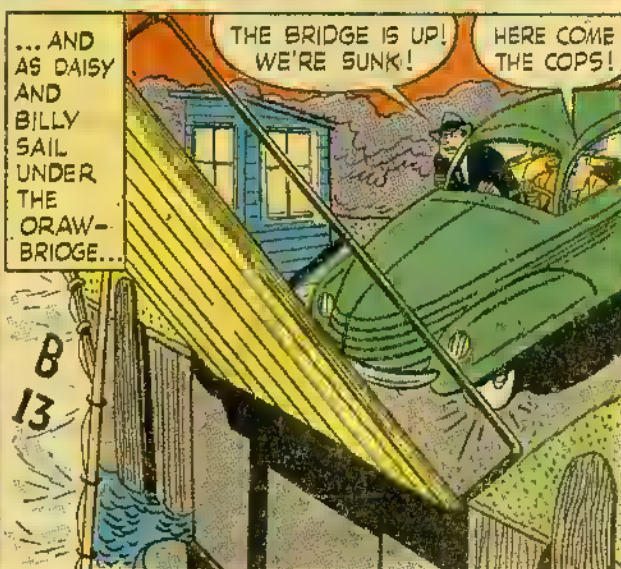
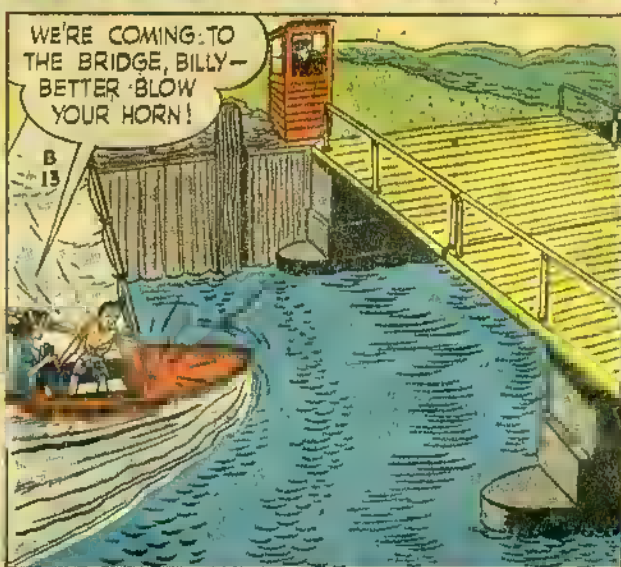
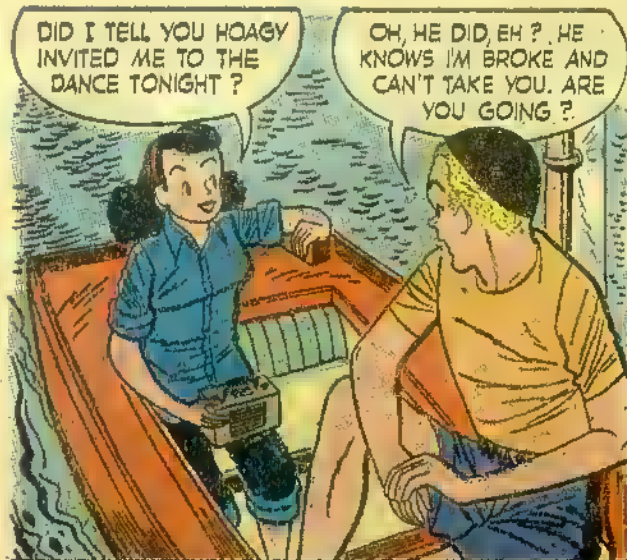


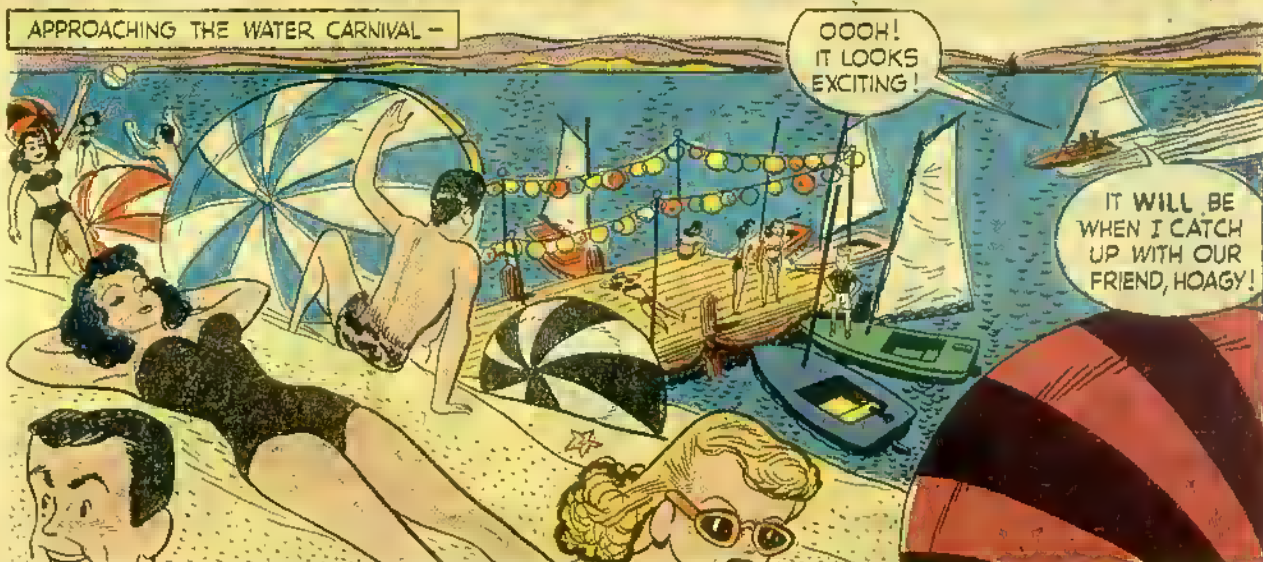
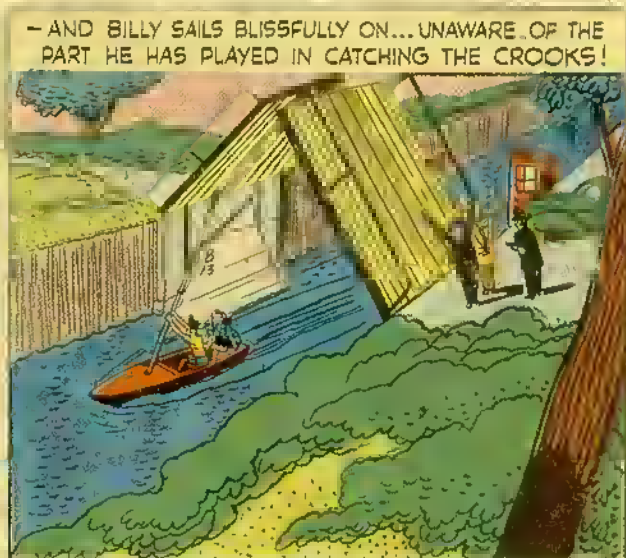
SLOW-POKE, EH? I'LL GIVE
THAT RICH-KID A
SLOW POKE IN
THE EYE WHEN
I GET HIM
ASHORE!

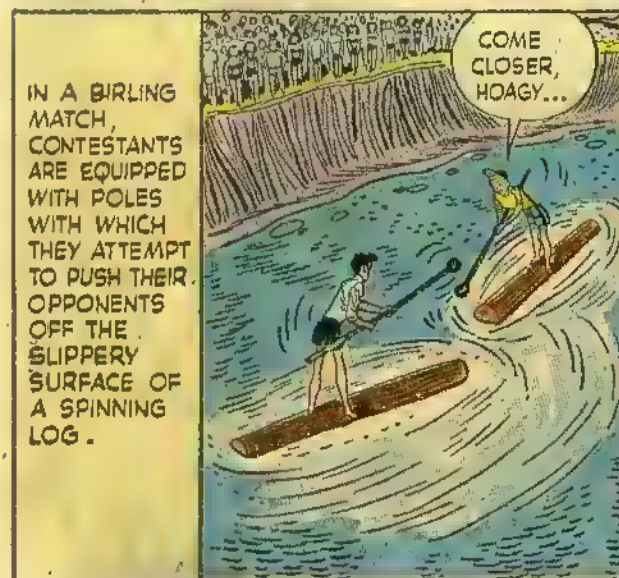
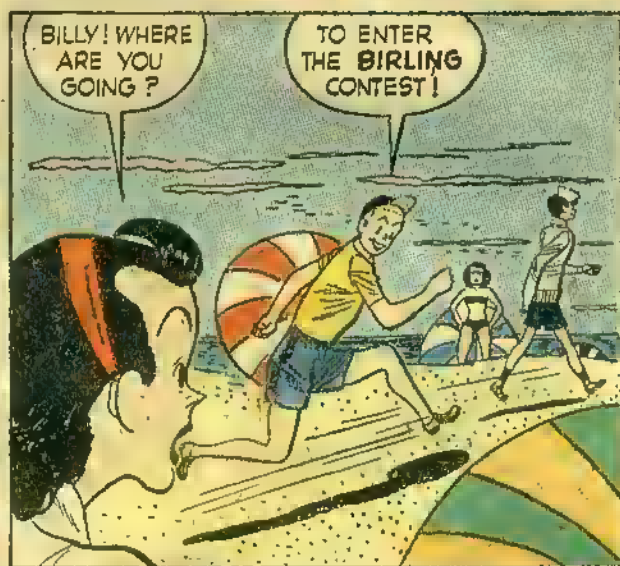
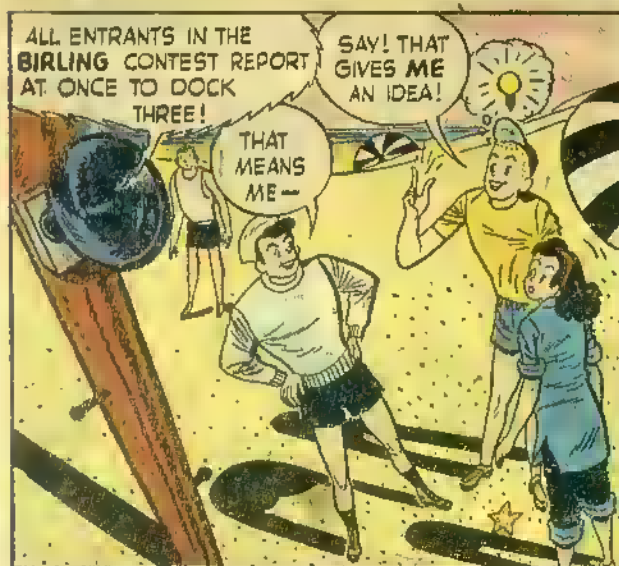
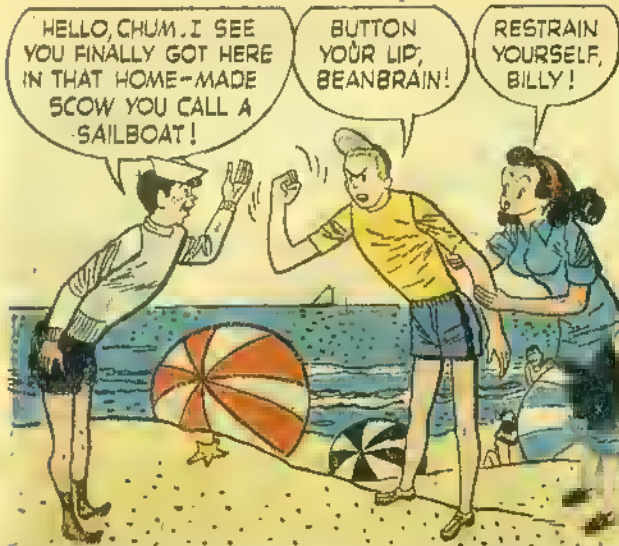
NOW, BILLY—
CONTROL
YOURSELF. MAYBE
HOAGY DIDN'T
MEAN IT.

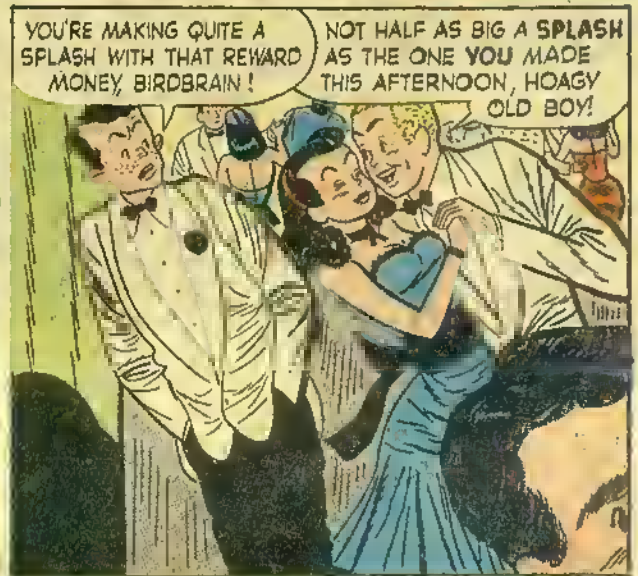
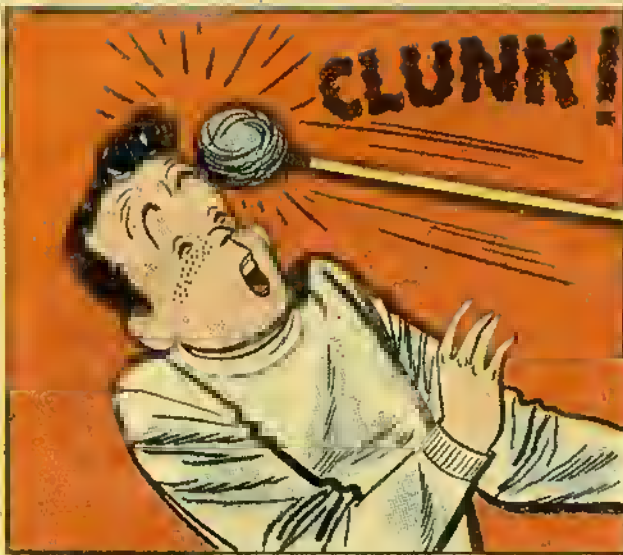
SOMETIMES I THINK
DAISY ACTUALLY *LIKES* THAT
SMART-ALECK MONEYBAGS!











THE GOLDEN HORSE

(Continued from page 24)

He swayed a little as he remembered Tam's leg. "Would it hold up? He remembered too that Wade had a gun and shivers ran up his spine, not for himself but for Tam. She must not be hit! He turned slightly and saw that Wade was gaining on them.

"Hurry, hurry, Tam!" he called and heard the words flung back at him by the force of the wind.

If they could only get to the ranch, Tam would be safe. He felt the rhythm of her strong muscles as she stretched out in her old racing form. If only her leg would hold out!

"This is more than a race, Tam," He leaned forward and shouted in her ear. "This is life or death! You must win!" His voice caught on the last words, as he realized what losing the race would mean.

Glancing back again, he saw that Wade was creeping up once more. A sob escaped his dry lips. He knew the mare was tiring for she was breathing heavily.

The shot sounded very loud and the searing heat of the bullet struck Neal's arm, throwing him off balance. He felt himself falling, and the moving earth came up to meet him. His eyes closed and he sank back on the ground. A hot breath on his face made him look up. Tam stood above him, her muscles quivering from the hard run.

"Go on, Tam," he gasped, realizing that her loyalty would mean her capture.

But the horse stood still and Wade reached them, pulling the black to a stop. He jumped to the ground and, without a glance at the boy, reached for Tam's halter. Neal tried to rise but a great weight seemed to hold him to the ground. He had staked so much and lost. And Tam would have won her race but for him.

"Just a minute Wade Star-buck!" A voice spoke suddenly, sharp and commanding.

Neal turned his head and saw Mr. Black and the sheriff with their guns on Wade. His sickness receded and the pain in his arm seemed to disappear.

"You're under arrest Wade," the sheriff said.

"So you tried to steal Tam O'Shanter as you stole the other thoroughbreds you've sold across

the border." Mr. Black's voice was angry as he glared at Wade.

"Then I was right that it wasn't your signature on the bill of sale for Tam?" Neal asked, sitting up.

"No, it wasn't his," Wade snarled as the sheriff snapped on the handcuffs. How did you know?"

"I looked at the B as it hung on the nail above the other orders which had come from Mr. Black," Neal explained, standing up weakly and touching Tam's neck. "It didn't have the same curve." His hand tightened in the horse's golden mane. "But I'd have gone after Tam anyway, because some day I'm going to buy her."

"You can buy her right now," Mr. Black answered laughing. "With the reward money you'll get for the capture of Wade Star-buck, horse thief!"

"You really caught him," Neal protested. "But how did you know? Why'd you come here?"

"I got a letter telling me you were planning to steal Tam, so I hurried back from my trip." Hugh Black reached for Neal's wounded arm and pulled back the sleeve.

"When I got to the ranch and found both you and Tam gone, I believed it. I knew what Tam meant to you, and that you were angry with me."

"But how'd you know where to look?" Neal asked, wincing as Hugh held his arm to examine the wound, which showed red where the bullet had creased the flesh.

"I thought you'd head for the border, so I got the sheriff and came out by the short cut. When I saw Wade it became clear to me that he had stolen Tam." He looked at Starbuck. "I'll bet you wrote that letter. Too bad it was mailed before you crossed the border."

Neal scarcely heard the last words, for as he flung his good arm across Tam's neck, she nickered softly. He buried his face in her golden mane.



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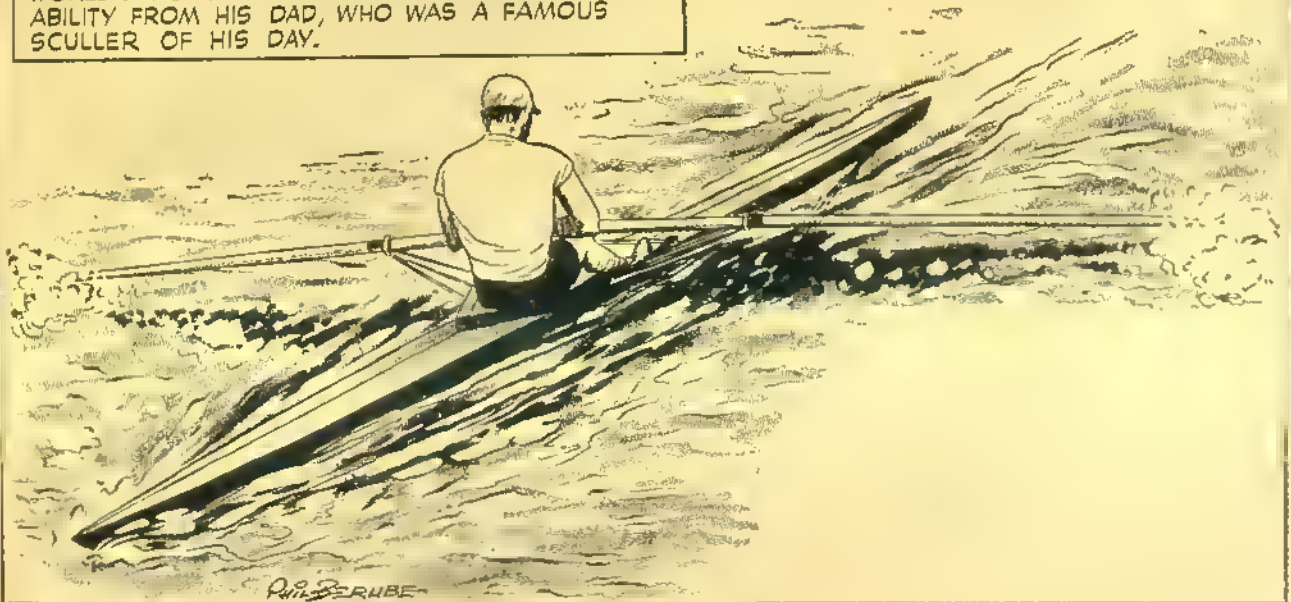
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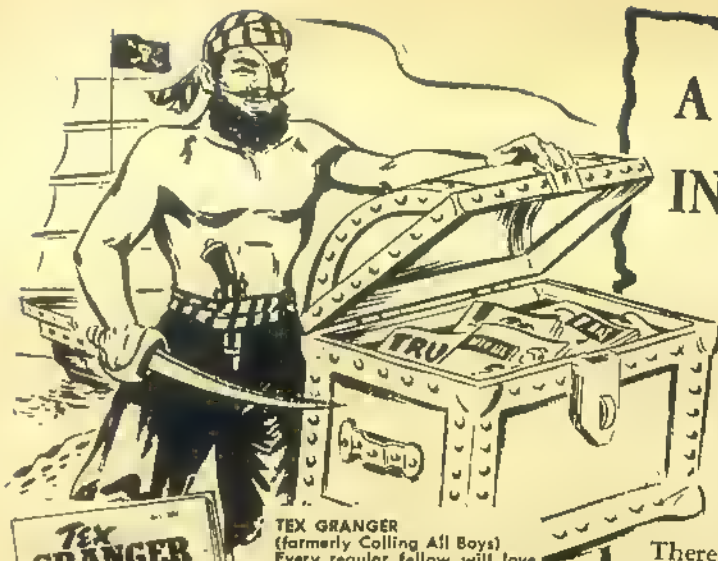
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